KNAVE

VOLUME 21 NUMBER 3

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THE VICIOUS BOYS

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KNAVE

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY AUSTIN LEGREW

Gi! CHAT

At least once a month, we like to put our tongues firmly into our editorial cheeks and take a less-than-reverent look at the lusty lasses we've got lined up in this issue of Knave. The queue for this odious task starts at the desk of the obese editor, El Gutto the Great, passes the slowly-decomposing hulk of El Barfo, the assistant bungler, and doesn't stop until it reaches the bowels of Knave Towers, the fetid habitat of Alastair, the autosexual office-boy. On the same pages, we also like to take a gentle swipe at some of the wacky and wonderful stories found in the morning newsprint. The man (???) ultimately responsible for this ludicrous load of libel, is one W.F. Guttersnipe, an inmate from the Home For The Terminally Bewildered, who is allowed out at regular intervals in an attempt to rehabilitate him into the outside world. Humour the old fool – send him any ticklish cuttings from local or national press and, if they manage to sink in through his meths-sodden grey matter and generate a giggle, we'll send you a freshly-squeezed £20 note for your trouble. The address is: Caught Short, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

BICYCLE CLIPS

Here's a sight for sore noses, so to speak – the exercise-cycling delight for seat sniffers is called Candy, and she suggests that the phrase 'candy stripes' has a 'e' too many in it. "We're talking pectoral flexing," enthuses the blurbist, "We're talking muscle tone. We're talking..." ...I think the word he's groping for is 'crap'. Candy was too wary to accept the Editor's offer of a ride on his 'crossbar'. Just because he'd painted it white didn't mean she would be dense enough to mistake it for a length of tubular steel. Shame that – I think he's beginning to regret using enamel.

STOOL PIGEON

So what do I tell you about the girl in the all-white room, wearing the knee-length black footwear and massaging a stool with her tits. I can tell you her name is Lois. I can tell you, too, that there are times when a chap wouldn't mind too much being a stool for the day. But virtually all I can tell you from the skimpy blurb information is that she was supposed to appear in a *Puss In Boots* panto this year. You can see the boots, but only the main set will let you know where the puss comes into it. *(The usual place, actually — Ed).*

WIDE EXPOSURE

Doubtless you are looking at the blonde beauty on the turquoise sofa, airing her graces for the camera, and — without grumbling, of course — asking yourself if she is not more than a little familiar. You collect your starter for ten, because it is only two months since Trixie last practised vulvaic ventilation on the pages of this excitable organ. Apparently the Art Editor, El It's All Greco To Me, is so obsessed with this succulent morsel that he borrows the office slide profector and "shines her image onto a fifty feet wide screen". I should imagine this makes her tits look the way St.Paul's does to a drunk with double vision. Come to think of it, some of his page designs look as if they've been done by someone in that conditon, too.

THE COLOUR PURPLE

Dressing in purple was once the preserve of royalty and other patrician ranks, but I don't suppose that your average Roman nobleman would have objected to seeing Clarice clad (I use the term extremely loosely) in that particular shade. She certainly has the class to justify it. To prove that the Assistant Editor, El Blotto, had finally taken leave of his senses, the old soak has taken one look at this vision of loveliness and found himself driven to ramble on about the eyesight of the bee. Polarisation, he lectures us on; ultra violet radiation. Apparently this would prevent the said insect from appreciating Clarice. "Poor bee" he muses. Poor Blotto if you ask me.

KEBABS BY STAVROS

If you thought the name Koren was something to do with *The News Quiz*, then think again, because that's this month's lady in red — lingerie, that is. I hesitate to refer to her as a scarlet woman, just as I have obseved the background props and similarly left the jokes about "What's a Greek urn?" to Harry Enfield and the low brainpowered blurbist let loose on Koren's caption. Once the novelty of her tits has worn off though (several hours, since you ask), I must confess to finding the chair intriguing. Would it hold the immense bulk of El Gutto the gross, I ask myself?

Girl CHAT

CHECK-UP TIME

No, your eyes are not deceiving you – there really is a photograph on this page of what is apparently a fully-clothed young woman. Fetishistic readers will already have noted even from the little of her visable that Adrienne is wearing some sort of white uniform. She is, perhaps, a radiologist. You will have to turn to the full set of pictures on page 10 to find out. The blurb writer suggests that you "let your imagination conjure up 30,000 different ways" to amuse yourself in her company. We put this idea to the test with El Gutto the gross Editor. He came up with only five, and two of them would never have occured to anyone with all their faculties intact – underwater Scrabble indeed! Unbelievable figures like Adrienne's "rarely exist outside of wet dreams" says the blurbist. Except, perhaps, those produced by the Treasury financial model...which is probably the reason for attractive Health Service employees switching to modelling for a living.

HIGH PREMIUMS

Who is this cute creature with a bloom behind her ear, crossing her heart and hoping the Editor would die, or at least slacken off on the alcohol-laced heavy breathing? It is this month's Amateur Model, Amanda Leighton, who is apparently something in insurance in the Black Country. I wonder if this up-market form of gambling carries the risk business far enough to offer a policy on the chances of her bra staying up if she were to take her hands away? I'd gladly pay the premium, but not – as you have surely guessed – because I'm against the idea of seeing her without proper cover.

VIDEO COMPETITION

Amazingly, our somnambulent video reviewer has done it yet again and come up with a competition, this time offering no less than 50 prizes.

Ten copies of the new CBS/Fox release *The Unbearable Lightness Of Being* are there for the taking plus copies of the novel, with 40 runners-up receiving copies of the Milan Kundera novel on which the film was based.

A young brain surgeon who walks around saying, "take your clothes off" sounds like the material teen comedies are made of, but that's the focal point of this erotic drama. Or rather (and depending on your gender and orientation) the focal points are Daniel Day-Lewis doing the asking and Juliette Binoche and Lena Olin, among others, showing wonderful consideration for the viewer in taking him at his word.

The movie is set in the Prague Spring of 1968, but you can brighten up the British Spring of 1989 for yourself by answering the following three moderately simple questions:

1) Name one other film to star Daniel Day-Lewis.
2) Which country invaded and occupied Czechoslovakia in 1968?
3) Which country occuped the Sudenten-land three decades earlier?

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
1 .....
2 .....
3 .....

Send to: Unbearable Competition, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. Competition closes 28th April 1989. The first 50 correct entries out of the bag will be winners. The editor's decision, however alcohol influenced, is final.

Holiday Romance

I had an unusual, frustrating, but in the end marvellous experience with a girl on holiday last summer, and I think you may be interested in it.

One evening at the end of July, I left London by coach for the Italian Lakes. My travelling companion, whom I had never met before, happened to be an attractive twenty year old called Lyn. She was travelling singly, as I was, and I hoped that she would be willing to spend some of her time with me. By the time we reached our resort, we were already good friends.

The first week of the holiday was to be spent at lake-side hotel near the town of Como. Shortly after our arrival our courier reminded us again that if any of the 'singles' felt able to double up and share a room, it would bring a worthwhile reduction in the price of the holiday. I was tempted to ask Lyn to share with me, but as I had known her for only a few hours, I thought that would be presuming too much. I let the opportunity pass.

Lyn and I got on fine together. On the first day we were kissing and snogging, and by the end of the second we had progressed to embraces of a very intimate kind. It seemed pretty clear to me that unless Lyn were no more than a common prick tease, I should be fucking her before very long. It seemed no more than a matter of where and when.

The opportunity seemed right on the fourth evening of our holiday. After the evening meal I took her for a walk along the shores of the lake to a spot where I knew we should not be disturbed, and there started to make love to her. She let me kiss her and play with her breasts, just as she had done before, but when I tried to put my hand on her cunt she stopped me.

"You can't," she said. "Please don't try."

"Can't?"

"Can't. My periods have started."

I was shattered. I had worked hard for this moment, and I wanted her as I had never wanted a woman before, and now I was to be thwarted by this.

"I'm sorry," she went on. "They've caught me by surprise. They weren't due for several days."

"How long?" I asked dolefully.

"Five days."

She was as upset about it as I was.

"No chance of stopping them for a few minutes?"

"No. There's nothing I can do — except wait."

She cheered up a bit. "It'll be all the nicer for having waited," she said, and she pulled me down on top of her and gave me a long, wet French kiss. "And," she continued, "there's still time to tell the courier we want to share."

That same evening we moved into a twin room.

At eleven o'clock we went to bed. As soon as I had locked the door behind us she began to undress. I offered to go outside again while she changed because I thought she might find her condition embarrassing, but she told me there was no need. She had her back towards me as she stripped, but then she turned, and with one hand clutching her breasts and the other covering her pubic region, she danced past me to the bathroom.

"Don't look," she giggled, knowing full well that I would look, and that her feigned show of modesty would merely serve to arouse me further. "I won't be long."

She was gone in a flash, but was soon back, and from the happy look on her face I thought for just a moment that those cursed periods had ended or had at least abated. But my elation at the prospect of having her that very night was destroyed when I saw her take a tampax from her handbag and push it where I longed to push my cock. Lyn is the only girl I have ever watched doing that.

I had a shower myself, and then came back into the room and approached Lyn's bed. I saw her eyes fasten onto my erect cock. I drew the sheets back and tried to get in with her.

"Leave me to sleep, please," she said. "I can do nothing for you. Don't ask me — it will only make things more difficult for us."

"Then just a cuddle, Lyn —

"Early in a session I always find a girl's cunt more exciting when it is partly hidden by her knickers."

"We've landed safely, sir. Can I have my knickers back?"

You too can be sharing the secret of your success with the masses — simply drop us a line (neatly please!) to: Penpower, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. We pay £5 for every torrid tale we print and a whopping £50 for the best of the bunch. Don't delay — get it all down today!

PENPOWER

ADRIENNE

Adrienne, wow. Lust at first sight is only the beginning, man. Figures like hers rarely exist outside of wet dreams and particularly vivid masturbation fantasies – which reminds me... but I digress! The sensitive among us may care to know that Adrienne's hobbies include aerobics, paramedical science, showering and lounging around luxury pads. If this interesting biographical information is of only limited interest to you, I suggest you do what we're all doing and let your imagination conjure up 30,000 different ways that you and Adrienne could amuse yourselves.

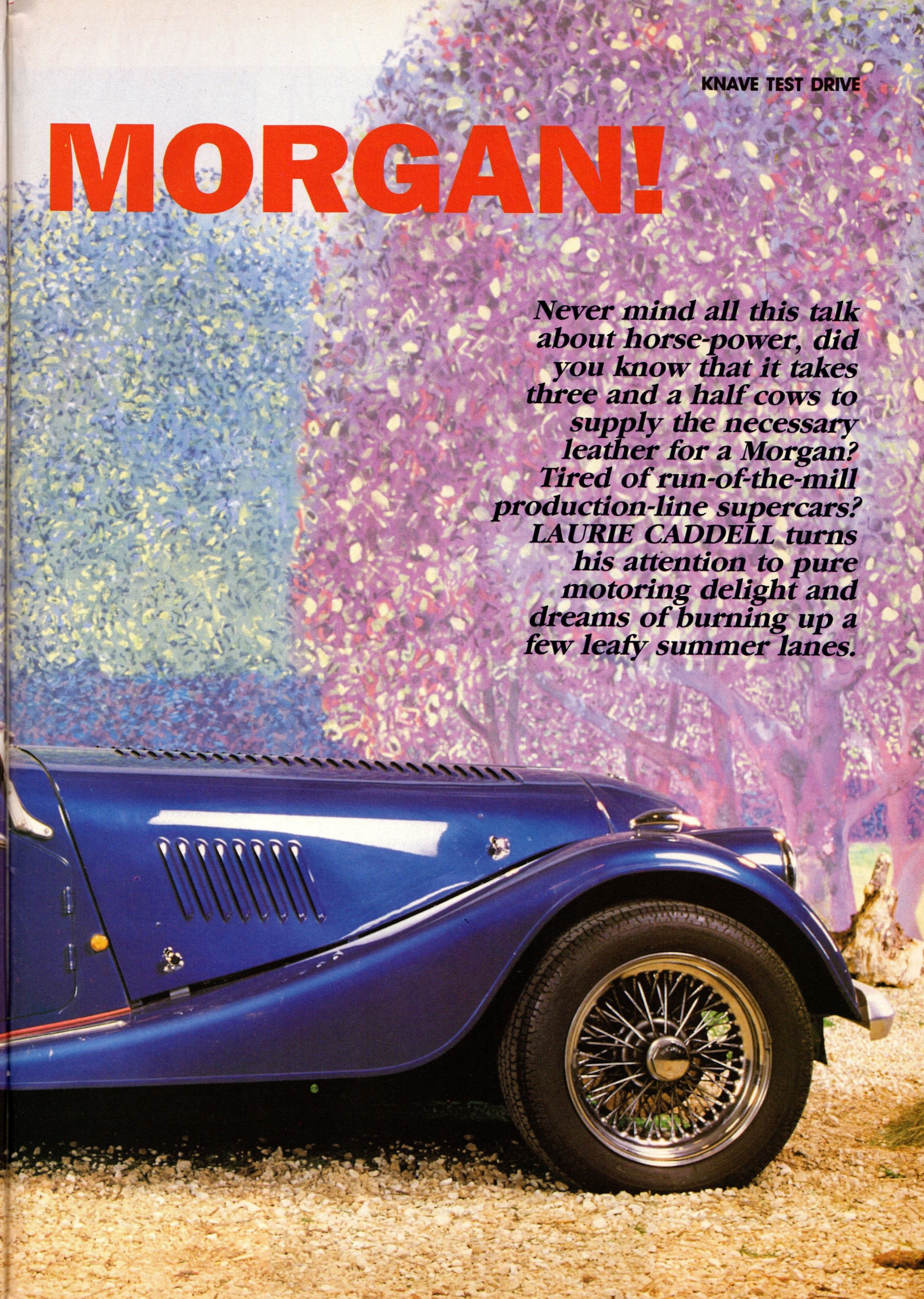
Photographed by Joop de Kooning

RIP-ROARING

Photographed by Andy Morgan

MORGAN!

Never mind all this talk about horse-power, did you know that it takes three and a half cows to supply the necessary leather for a Morgan? Tired of run-of-the-mill production-line supercars? LAURIE CADDELL turns his attention to pure motoring delight and dreams of burning up a few leafy summer lanes.



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I used to be in love with a Morgan; in fact, I was completely besotted. I didn't own this 'Moggy', mind, but just looked longingly at her from afar. I knew that 'Mogs' would be difficult to live with, that her beauty was no more than skin deep, and that in the end I would find her inadequacies heavily outweighed the dream of living with her for ever. For Morgan afficionados, a devout bunch if ever there was one, the opposite is true. They live, breathe, eat, sleep and worship the cars from Pickersleigh Road, Malvern Link, a sleepy little hamlet in Worcestershire.

The Morgan is a classic shape (we are solely talking about the car now...) and can't really be improved upon! Other manufacturers have tried to muscle in on the Morgan's market but none has managed to come up with such a perfect blend of sweeping, sensuous curves, elegant rear and absolutely perfect proportioning (yes, still the car). 1930's the Morgan may look but it certainly works. When the company tried to break free in the early 1960s to produce a sleek glassfibre sportster, the Mog People went berserk, thought the world had ended and did absolutely everything in their power to persuade the Malvern men to stop producing the car, ie, they didn't buy them. Just 26 Plus Four Plus Mogs were built and Morgan learned their lesson...

Since then, no attempt has been made to change the Morgan mix, except for the engine. In this department it has been a case of 'have to' for the simple reason that the car has lasted longer than many power units. The Plus 4 Morgan has seen the Triumph TR engine go, the Ford crossflow and the Fiat Twin-Cam and the 1172cc, side-valve 36bhp Ford motor depart — unless that's still used in a Patagonian version of the Escort... The latest toy from Malvern would have made a Moggy Maniac of a few years ago gasp in disbelief. Would he have believed you when you ran through the engine's specification? Four valves per cylinder, twin, belt-driven overhead camshafts, multi-point fuel injection and 138bhp! The engine which fits that bill is the Rover M16 engine from the Rover 820, as modern as the Morgan is 'matured', but a fitting engine, nevertheless. This is attached to a five-speed Rover gearbox, from the V8-engined Plus 8, which transmits power to a solid rear axle. A little old fashioned, perhaps, but positively 21st century compared to the front suspension which is of the sliding-pillar type.

All the Morgan running gear is attached to a steel chassis frame of shallow design but it is to this that is attached the material for

which the car is famous. Fine craftsmen attach a framework made from seasoned, kiln-dried ash (not fag!) which is checked for knots, sappage and shakes at the end of each plank. The framework is constructed after each piece has been immersed in Cuprinol and then the metal panels (of either steel or aluminium) are fitted. Aluminium is lighter and more expensive (by £275) than steel, but the steel is galvanised for rust protection. All the metal is rolled to make it malleable and then the renowned Morgan craftsmen handwork the pieces into just the right shape; it is a process which hasn't (and doesn't ever seem likely to) been duplicated by robot.

The price at which Mog motoring starts is £13,498, including all taxes, but this rises considerably when you start adding on the 'essential' extras like wire wheels, at £245 or £495 if you want them chrome plated (all prices plus taxes); coloured hood, sidescreens and tonneau at £105; mohair version of the same at £440;

Continued on page 20

Continued from previous page

two-tone paintwork at £200; metallic paint (like our test car's) at £150; veneered dashboard at £100 and leather interior (three and a half cow's worth) at £425. The leather work is gorgeous and features leather edge piping which is colour co-ordinated.

If we were to order a Moggy ourselves, we could choose no better than the metallic-blue test car with its red pin-striping to match the red leather interior (with blue carpets with red edging) and the red piping on the mohair hood. At one time in its life, the test car had red spoked wires, but they have been sensibly substitued by chrome-plated ones.

The Rover motor produces 138bhp, 6000rpm, and 131 lb ft of torque at 4500rpm. Adequate, say Morgan, for a top speed of 115mph and 0-60mph in 7.5 secs.

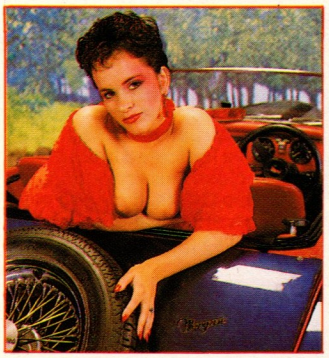
You can be totally waterproof in a Morgan with the top up, you can drive with the top down and be fairly well protected from the wind by the car's sidescreens, but the real way is to leave all that addenda in the garage and drive the thing as a roadster. Access is half sitting in and half sitting on the car. The seats are narrow and short, the wheel is large and too close, and holding it, much like a Captain of an ocean-going clipper holds his wheel, has your right elbow hanging out in the breeze, *à la* real roadster! The dials are big and clear, the car's switchgear easy to learn, but the flimsy BL parts bin stalks are a tight fit twixt dashboard and wheel.

The Mog's gearchange is a little clunky yet precise, but the lever tucked under the dashboard doesn't help matters. That and the rest of the controls are nicely weighted, however. But that engine is disappointing. Powerful it may be, but it gets your heart beating much as a date with Barbara Cartland would. Bland and anaemic you could tolerate (as long as it did the business) but Morgan really ought to have got a little technical advice from an Italian manufacturer on how to make an engine *sound* purposeful! It only takes a few yards to realize that the gearing is all wrong on the Plus 4: fine the transmission may be with yumping great gobs of V8 oomph up ahead to slingshot the car, but the M16 just doesn't have much in reserve. It takes a while to build up speed and, just when you think that the benefits of all those high-tech gizmos should be meshing and providing howling top-end go, the motor starts running out of breath. Add to that a car with the aerodynamic properties

of a small housing estate and you have a recipe for uninspiring character in the performance stakes. Mind you, at the end of the day, the 'sensible' rather than zappy performing engine probably suits the Morgan to a tee.

The Morgan has plenty of grip in all weathers courtesy of its 195/60 Avon Turbospeeds (not a very well known 'performance' tyre but a bloody good one all the same), but the chassis of the Morgan really only allows you to explore tyre limits in the wet.

So, you could go on for ever (just like the Morgan has) niggling about inadequate supporting seats, bump steer (loadsa bumpsteer!), poor fit of some panels (no excuse), cheap and cheerful switchgear, seat belts which snag on the tonneau (could be nasty) and a throttle which is just too



titchy. However, you have to head your Mog out into a nice English summer's day, wind up a good few miles per hour, take deep breaths of fresh air (not too fresh, mind), let the breeze rustle your hair and ENJOY. Forget Mr 'XR' Rep off to sell another Fax machine, Mr 'GTi' Ad Agency off to another lunch or even Mr Rockstar running in his twelfth Lamborghini: you will be enjoying your motoring more than them. Me? I think if I really wanted a roadster, I am young enough *(Eh? — Ed.)* still to want a Caterham Seven, which is smaller, more nimble, less attractive and sparser, but which goes like a cheetah which has had its nether regions in a vat of burning magnesium. If I could afford it, I would have a Morgan as well — but that would be greedy!

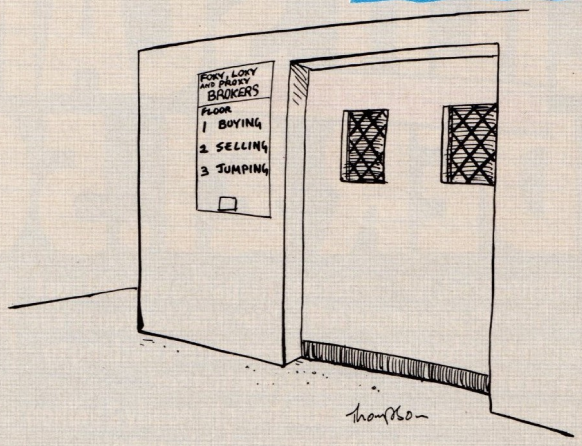
CLARICE

I feel sorry for the bees. Not only are they a much maligned and misunderstood species, they are also radically incapable of appreciating Clarice and her colourific accoutrements. It's all down to eye-sight. We look over Clarice's shapely shoulder and see a sky so blue it sucks our minds clean through the ozone layer. A bee looks over the same shoulder and sees polarized patterns pointing the way back to its hive. We look at Clarice and groove to the curves and their purplish covering. A bee looks and is puzzled – its eyes respond to ultra-violet radiation. Poor bee. Lucky us.

Photographed by Nick Gurgul

SLUG
SLUG HAS ACCEPTED A CHALLENGE TO A BONKING COMPETITION...
LET'S GET THE RULES STRAIGHT— WE HAVE A WEEK TO SHAG AS MANY WOMEN AS WE CAN?
CORRECT.
AND WHAT ABOUT MY WIFE — DOES IT COUNT IF I GIVE HER ONE?
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT...
...I'M GOING TO!
ONE LAST POINT — ARE WE ALLOWED TO PAY FOR IT?
CERTAINLY NOT.
I'VE NEVER PAID FOR IT IN MY LIFE AND I'M NOT GOING TO START NOW! ANYWAY, THAT WOULD MEAN THE MAN WITH MOST MONEY WOULD WIN AND THAT'S NOT THE POINT IS IT?
QUITE RIGHT! OKAY, THE TIME STARTS NOW — GOOD LUCK!

NEXT MONTH — THE COMPETITION HOTS UP!



that's all." But she was adamant, and I had to leave it at that. I went to my bed feeling rejected.

The periods lasted five days, as she had said they would, and they were five days of hell and torment. Can you imagine what it was like to share a room with her, to see her naked several times a day, to watch her shower, and then dry herself within a foot of me, and not be able to do anything to her, except look?

Then one evening I caught a twinkle in her eye, and I knew they were over. "Let's go down to the lake, and do it there in the moonlight," she said.

I took her to the lake and laid her down on a patch of grass between two large boulders. No one would disturb us there.

"You'll have to undress me," she said in a low voice, as seductive as any voice I have ever heard.

I stripped her down to her knickers, and then pushed my hand up inside them and onto her cunt. Early in a lovemaking session I always find a girl's cunt more exciting when it is partly hidden by her knickers. I like to see her hairs and then her outer cunt lips gradually emerge as I push the material back.

She seemed to be getting a little impatient. "Take them off," she said. "And don't be long. I've waited for more than a week for this."

I always like to see what I am getting, and in any case a girl's cunt is a wonderful turn on.

She opened her legs and raised her knees. "There it is," she gasped. "Satisfied? Have you not seen one before? Is it all that you expected?" Her tone was heavily sarcastic.

"It's a beauty," I replied as I gazed into her fleshy depths. Her crack was wide and inflamed, and her cunt lips wet and puffy. Her dilated vagina stared back at me like some grotesque eye. I put my face to it, and lapped it with my tongue. It relieved her frustration, and she began to sigh and moan. She pushed my face deeper into her so that for a time I could hardly breathe. She began to shudder and then she suddenly released the pressure on my head.

"Put your cock in me, Jerry," she cried out. "I'm going to come."

"I always seem to ejaculate quickly when a girl takes over the act."

I took them off, and began work in earnest. She thrust her hairy dome up at me. "Take it," she said, "now!" She was beside herself with lust, but I deliberately held back. I was going to tease her for a while.

"Let me see it," I whispered. I have irritated a number of girls with that request, and some have refused, but generally they have complied with my wishes.

I had no choice in the matter. Almost before I knew what was happening, she had taken my shaft in her hand and had inserted it. She then pushed against me and I glided up. She thrust hard a time or two and I felt my climax building. I always seem to ejaculate quickly when a girl takes over the act, and Lyn had certainly taken over. Luckily Lyn's own orgasm started as I began to spurt, and then for the next minute or so we writhed and panted and sweated in each other's arms as we drenched each other with our juices.

"Good God," she exclaimed after we had separated, "did this lot come out of you?" Sperm was dribbling down the inside of her thighs.

"It's not all mine," I replied, feeling very content with what I had left behind in her, "you contributed as well!"

She ran, naked down to the water's edge. "I'm going to clean up," she said. "Are you coming too?"

We went back to the hotel after that, and for the first time slept in the same bed. During the rest of the holiday, which was taken in a second resort, we fucked without inhibition. Once we were caught doing it in the hotel grounds by some of the guests. It was usually at night, though, when in bed, that we had the best times. Some of those nights were wild and frenzied, others tender and gentle, and had you seen us on those occasions you would have thought we were a couple deeply in love; yet others were bloody hard work. I well remember trying to perform one night after being particularly active during the previous daylight hours, and being so drained that I could not ejaculate.

When at last the holiday was

PENPOWER

►35

over, we agreed that it would be a pity to end our relationship, and so we decided to meet again from time to time to re-live the hours we spent together in Italy. I last saw her at Christmas when we took a hotel room at Scarborough for the weekend. Our next meeting will be at Easter. In the meantime I am keeping off other women. I want to save every drop for Lyn, and from previous experience, I won't have a drop too much. — *Jerry, Holmfirth.*

What a touching, human-interest story. Have this month's £50 prize, Jerry. — Ed.

Arse'ole Correspondent

Having just read your piece on the Heart of Seoul (Vol. 20 No. 9), I'm moved to ask you the following question: why did you do it? Passing off a pseudo-travelogue cobbled together from second-hand sources and then parading it as an alleged antidote to the 'flippant view depicted by M*A*S*H' is an insult to the intelligence. M*A*S*H had the merits of putting things into a perspective, outlining moral dilemmas etc. It avoided pomposity and irrelevance. It's a shame your correspondent couldn't have achieved something similar. — *H.S., Darlington.*

What can we say? Rest assured, Saul Pouch has been taken out into the car park and shot. — Ed.

Room For One Inside

You hear so many complaints about bus crews these days that I thought it time I put the record straight and tell you about the wonderful service I received from a driver and conductor on a London bus last Summer.

It was one of those sweltering hot days when only the minimum of clothing is needed so I left off my bra and panties and wore just a skimpy T-shirt and very short skirt. I've got a big pair of juicy looking tits, and nipples that have been described as the sort you can hang your coat on, so I guess I looked quite a tempting sight.

I boarded the bus at a quiet terminus and noticed that there was over 20 minutes before it was due to leave. There were no other passegers on board and the crew were seated facing each other on the long seats at the rear of the bus. They were quite a virile looking pair in their early thirties who both looked capable of giving a girl a good shafting.

Before I sat down I realized that the window behind the driver was shut and as it was so hot I asked him if it could be opened. He grinned saucily at me and said "Be my guest."

I had to lean across him to reach the window and unfortunately it was stiff so I had to linger in that position for a while as I struggled with the catch. I became aware that the cheeky driver had slid his hands up my T-shirt and was kneading my titties for all he was worth. I loved it, and when his fingers found my huge throbbing nipples and pinched and pulled them mercilessly I thought that I would collapse with pleasure. Because my legs were becoming weak and wobbly I brought my knees up, one either side of him on the seat and in a kneeling position settled back to enjoy the experience.

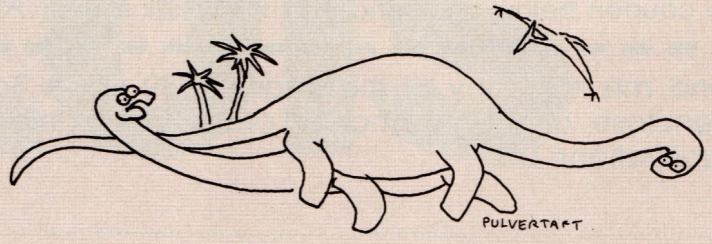
Once he realized that I was not going to object he quickly whipped my T-shirt off over my head and continued pulling and pinching one tit while nibbling and sucking on the other one.

The conductor must have had a good view of my arse peeping out from below my skirt and could contain himself no longer. I became aware of hands squeezing my bum and then absolute heaven when fingers slid down the crack and round to my cunt which by now was oozing thick juice. It squelched deliciously as his hand and fingers teased my quivering quim.

It crossed my mind momentarily how embarrassing it would be if another passenger boarded at that point and saw me naked except for a skirt hoisted up and having my tits sucked by the driver and my puss goosed by the conductor.

I decided it was time for this lovely crew to get some of the real action so I slid down off the seat, got the driver's cock out and gave him a good gobble.

> "Absolute heaven as fingers slid down the crack and round to my cunt which by now was oozing thick juice."



"Let's face it, 69 isn't our number."

PENPOWER

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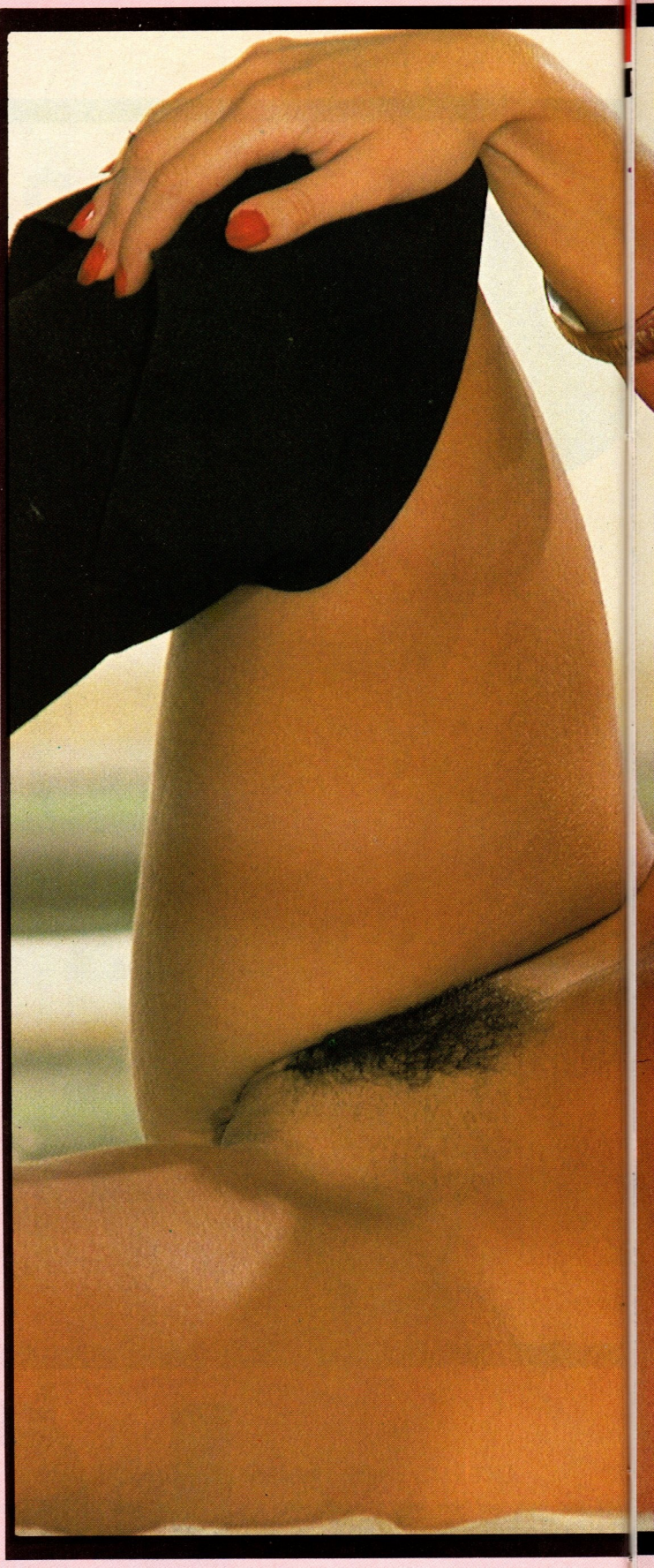
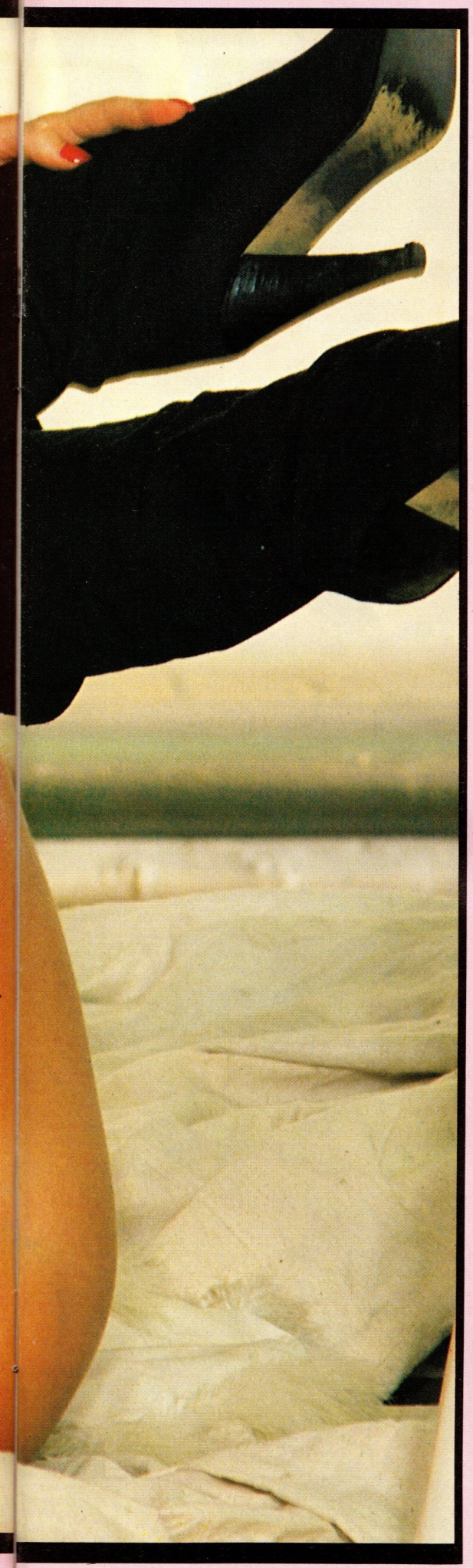
LOIS



Lois, a keen participant in matters thespian, was apparently booked to play the lead in *Puss In Boots* by her local drama society, but we offered her more money than they ever could, hence she's here to share her wares with us all. Makes the blood rush, doesn't she?

Photographed by Simon Hurst



THE VICI

Continued from previous page

came down with his partner who was also a guitarist. No-one talked to them. We sort of watched what they did and couldn't work out whether it was supposed to be break dancing or a piss-take of break dancing, which was big on the streets in those days.

We started drinking in a pub called the Devonshire, just off Piccadilly and found we had a similar sense of humour. Then, when Angelo's partner went back to Australia, we started working together.

What about the name?

(Angelo): We went through a whole variety of different names before we were the Vicious Boys. The reason why we got the name in the end was because...well street performers are normally very humble. If the punters start to walk away, they'll usually say "bye-bye, thank you for watching". But we weren't at all like that. We'd go out physically grab them...

(Andy): Haul them back...

(Angelo): ...make them pay. And everyone started calling us the Vicious Boys. So we thought — okay.

(Andy): And that was the name. We'd been through things like Circus Berkus, Video Video...

(Angelo): Wankers.

(Andy): Yeah, wankers was one of the great names. And Lager Louts. In fact, we were the people who coined the phrase Lager Louts.

How come you started off performing in the streets?

(Angelo): Being arty, we could say that we wanted to bring the entertainment media to the masses, giving them some special insight into the way that theatricals live.

(Andy): Or you could say we did it for the money.

(Angelo): And out of the two...

(Andy): There's a fine line between the two. But I think we step mainly towards the money side. When we were doing it, Covent Garden was at its height and it was a good way of making a living.

(Angelo): Not that we did Mr Taxman.

(Andy): No, nothing at all really.

(Angelo): We gave all ours away to charity.

You got the Time Out award for Street Entertainers Of The Year?

(Angelo): In our first year together. We'd gone down to Benidorm and then on to Portugal and just kind of — well, we didn't really work on the act — we just messed around on the beach.

(Andy): Basically trying to get girls.

(Angelo): Yeah, you know, we'd show off.

(Andy): Yeah, we'd do some basic acrobatics.

(Angelo): Very basic.

(Andy): Like falling over a lot.

"I'M GOING TO GET MY HEAD KICKED IN BY MY GIRL-FRIEND FOR DOING THIS INTERVIEW."

(Angelo): People laughed. That was the main thing. So we came back here and there was a competition to see who the best street entertainers were and, I don't know how, we won. I think it was the bribe actually.

(Andy): The bribe, that was probably a major part of it.

(Angelo): Anyway, we went off to New York, that was the prize, to represent Great Britain. That was really weird, like Olympic bearers of the street entertaining mantle. But they wouldn't let us compete in their competition.

How did you make the transition from busking to TV?

(Andy): Before we won the title we'd had offers from The Tube and TV programmes like that. So there was interest in us before. Although, at the start it was a real pain in the arse — still is to a certain extent. People say "Oh, you started on the street, you were beggars once." But the street's got to be the hardest form of entertainment you can find because you've first got to grab your audience. You've got to stop them, then you've got to entertain them for half an hour in such a way that they want to give you money in the end. And if they don't like what you're doing, they can just walk off. So it's very hard. And then when we first started doing TV shows people would come up and say "Gosh, you're so professional", but on the street you have to be.

And it was round about this time that the Young Ones were really making it big on TV?

(Angelo): Yeah. How they started was they were into stand-up comedy on the circuit and made it big that way. We went on the street and took a different route. And it's taken us a little longer. They were all either actors or comics, mostly actors, who'd decided that they'd found a way of being funny without doing the normal mother-in-law, sexist, racist kind of stuff. They did that on stage and we just took that kind of feeling and put it out on the street.

And you're still labelled as part of the alternative comedy scene?

(Andy): Yeah, but I don't think anyone takes much notice of that anymore. So many people have come up through that stable, that it's now become mainstream. Alternative, now, just means young, I think.

(Angelo): An alternative to Jimmy Tarbuck.

(Andy): And that you don't play golf.

What about the guys in charge of programming, does their perception of alternative humour and being right-on present much of an obstacle?

(Andy): The people who are in charge of TV are older than us and they've come to expect that alternative means swear words, fart and toilet jokes. And that's not necessarily true. A lot of the alternative acts are just into things like juggling and circus skills.

Some people have very closed minds towards alternative acts, they don't seem to realize that it's the emerging mainstream. Take Mel Smith and Griff Rhys Jones, or Lenny Henry — they're alternative comedians, they're

OUSBOYS

the
Vicious boys
on Holiday
"I wanna be in their gang." Gary Glitter.
"We are very amused." Queen Victoria.
"They're mad, bad and dangerous to know." Byron.
Game of Chance for Adults Only

MOVE
MOVE

THE VICI

Continued from previous page

not racist and they're not sexist. But you don't hear them doing that many toilet jokes.

(Angelo): Also, a lot of the top comics in the country now, like Lenny, like Smith and Jones...and Ben Elton who's got an amazing following, Harry Enfield...people like that, they're the ones who people want to watch. Whereas Tarbuck and all that lot are doing game shows now and things like that.

I think that either everyone's thinking differently about comedy and so younger people are coming up. Or maybe it's simply that the old people are getting too old now and young people are just naturally coming through.

(Andy): It's not a matter of being right-on. It's just a matter of being able to live with yourself when you come off stage.

(Angelo): Primarily, we're out there to be funny. If someone was to go out there and be anti-government, anti-whatever and it wasn't funny, then fuck it, people are going to walk away. But if you can say things or have your own beliefs then fine. That's the way we work.

(Andy): We're not overtly pushing any political statement. We just happen to feel that it's better to be non-racist, non-sexist and just make people laugh with what we do.

Given the emphasis on non-sexism, how do you feel about soft-porn mags and about being interviewed in one?

(Angelo): I'm very much of the opinion that it's better for it to be there and for people to read and look at the material rather than it not be there and people go out and try and find the sorts of things they want to do. If it wasn't available, I definitely think there'd be more sex crimes. And sex crimes are one of the worst crimes that any man or any woman can do. Anything that can help stop that is good — that's my view.

(Andy): Yeah, but having said that I'm going to get my head kicked in by my girlfriend for doing this interview. But then, my father's way of telling me the facts of life was to buy me a mag and without that I'd probably still be believing that there's two types of Durex — one with a hole in if you want a baby and one without if you don't.

Quite! Let's get back to the Vicious Boys and their latest strategy for taking over the world. You got the idea for the book from those awful role-playing fantasy horror books?

(Angelo): That's right. Taking that element of What's Going To Happen Next? and letting the reader decide which way the book's going to go. We used to read them on the trains when we were travelling around the country and they were so easy to take the piss out of that I thought it would be really funny to do a comedy book like that. So that's what we did.

(Andy): We were almost performing on the train. People in the seats behind would listen in as we'd totally ham-up one of those books. And then we got to thinking that the sorts of decisions in them come up in everyday life. Like when we've finished a gig we'll go to a disco and we'll be in the situation where we ask ourselves do we stand at the bar and have a drink and relax or do we go out on the dance floor and dance with the intention of er...?

(Angelo): Meeting someone and having a deep, meaningful conversation. Basically we thought that we could take that and put it into book form.

At the moment, all comedy books are those one page/one sketch ideas; a funny picture with a funny caption. And we wanted to do a story or even more than one story. And that's how the book ended up with the reader deciding which way they want to go.

(Andy): It turned into a nightmare in the end, because we needed a map to write the book. The map covered 17 pages.

(Angelo): And now we've lost the map. So we don't know how to get through and finish the book. I keep dying somewhere, catching syphilis or ending up with Cilla Black!

I found it quite easy to die.

(Andy): You obviously choose all the deviant options.

(Angelo): It's all down to the psychology of the person involved. We were doing a TV show the other day — VJing for MTV, and we got the sound man to shout out the choices he wanted to make from the book. And he died every time. Mind you, he's a pretty weird guy. He either went for the obvious or the fun things...and that's not the way.

You said earlier that Angelo's first partner was an Australian. Does that account for any of the anti-Australian diatribes in the book?

(Angelo): No, it's not really anti-Australian. We're actually pro-Australian. We know that they can actually take a lot of ribbing, so we give it to them!

(Andy): And they give us a lot of ribbing when we go over there. The people in the book will know who they are...because we've sent them copies. I'm a proud member of the Western Australian Roof Drinking Association (a bunch of lads who ride round in a truck laden with beer until they find a roof suitable for climbing up and getting pissed on) and a lot of the Australians we mention in the book are real people.

(Angelo): Real people, names have not been changed!

In the book, there's some not altogether complimentary references to people writing comedy books to cash in on fame and pay off the taxman. Surely, you're not guilty of such opportunism?

(Andy): We could get into deep trouble here.

(Angelo): Go on say it. You're saying it, not me.

(Andy): Well, when you look at the typical comedy book, it's very limited. Ours is true to life. That's what Benidorm was like.

"WE JUST HAPPEN TO FEEL THAT IT'S BETTER TO BE NON-RACIST AND NON-SEXIST."

Photographs by Tim Jarvis and Sean Preston

OUSBOYS

We thought it was going to be rough and ready. People enjoying themselves to the full, but probably in their own hotel rooms. And that's not true. They actually do it there in the discos! There's no concept of AIDS, no concept of keeping brain cells together. It's just total mayhem. And...so what? In that respect the book's actually almost got some journalistic value.

(Angelo): What? No. What are you talking about? Also the thing was, there we were, two lads off the alternative circuit watching these people going absolutely ape-shit and you think Jesus Christ, what is this? Have they not got any thought processes left? But the more you see the more you realize that these people on a Club 18-30 holiday — it's the only fun they have in the whole year. They work 50 weeks in a factory — 2 weeks off — fuck it, go crazy. I don't blame them at all.

And where do the Vicious Boys go from here?

(Angelo): There's a TV show that Andy and I would love to do. It involves going around doing really crazy stunts around the place. Basically we want to do that because it means travelling around the world.

(Andy): Like doing cliff-diving in Acapulco. Bob-sleigh running in St Moritz. All the things you've always wanted to do...and then get paid for doing them — it's great. That's always been our outlook really.

(Angelo): That's one of the ideas we're talking about with a couple of TV stations at the moment. But that could change tomorrow. We're not wedded to any one particular thing.

(Andy): We're invading Poland tomorrow. The Vicious Boys might even mature — become Vicious Men.

KOREN

These piccies of Koren came back from the dark-room in a plain brown wrapper with the legend *Grecian Urn* scrawled across it in lilac felt pen. We all watched in eager anticipation as the Editor put his whisky away, looked at the package, scratched his head, and muttered that immortal phase: "What's a Grecian urn?" Much jolly banter about the size of his expense account followed. After a mere three hours the banter subsided and we settled down to the serious business – creaming our jeans over Koren's cuddly bits.

Photographed by James Freeman

KNAVE
KOREN

(A SERIES OF KNAVES AND BOUNDERS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS)

The Cincinnati Sneak (1920-1956)

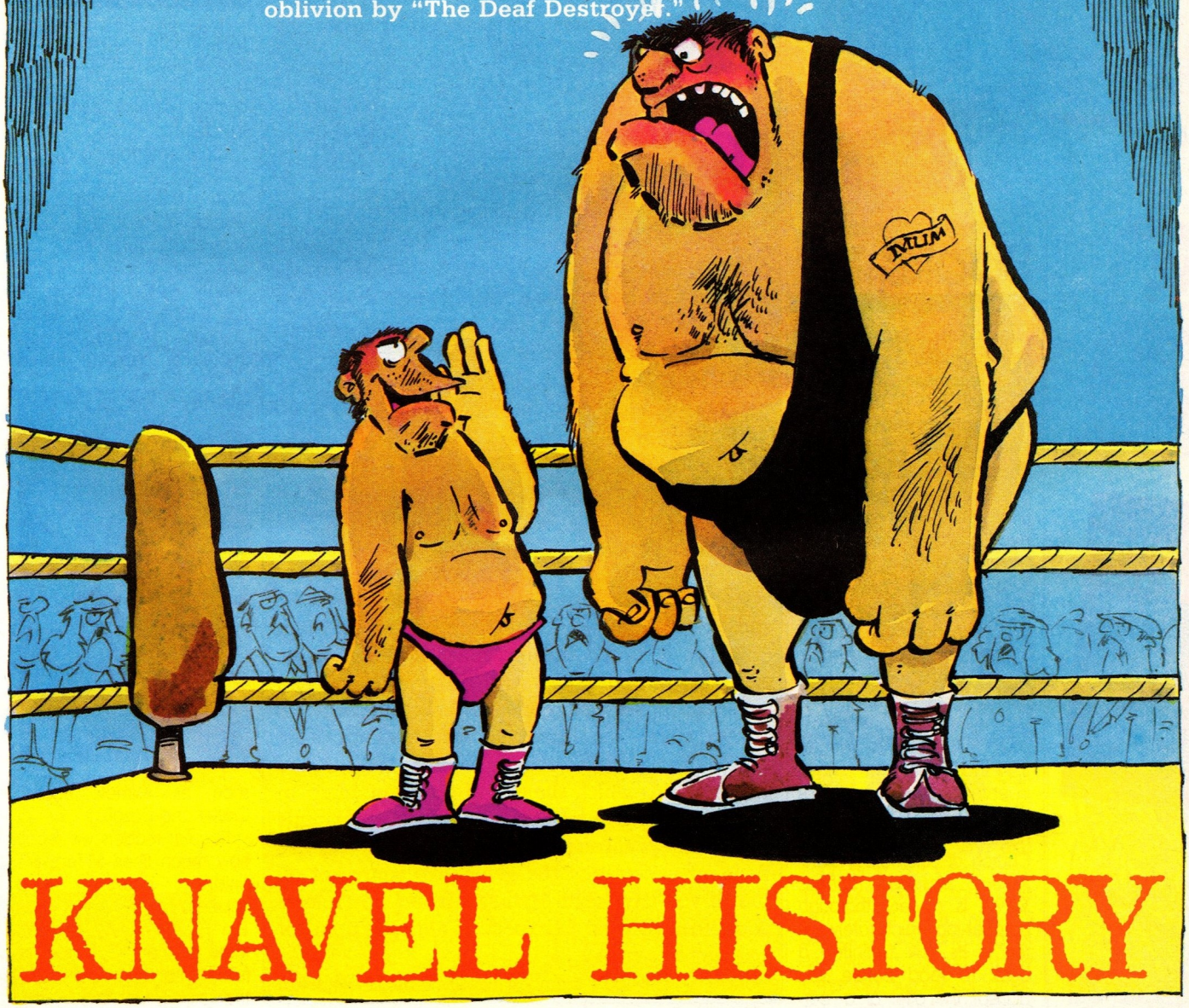
An American wrestler, The Cincinnati Sneak got his nickname because he was from Cincinnati and he was a sneak. (*This is brilliant stuff — Ed.)* Although of only average ability, he was an absolute master in the art of psychology. A well-timed whisper in his opponent's ear was enough to enrage his hapless victim to the extent that he became defenceless with fury.

To an opponent who had recently lost his wife: "I hear they had a helluva job closing her legs to fit the coffin."

To an opponent whose grandmother was terminally ill: "I'll give you 2 to 1 the old broad snuffs it within the week."

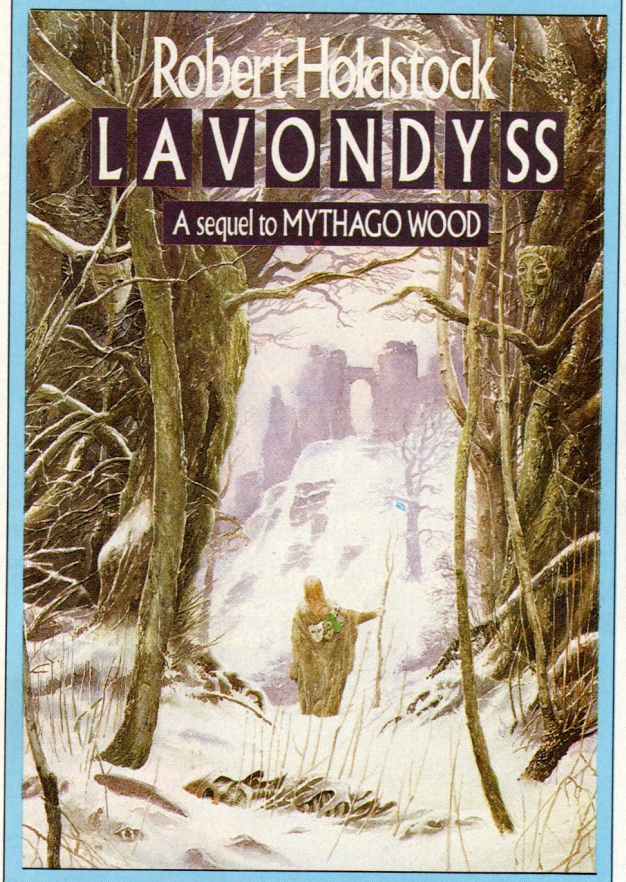
To an opponent whose fiancé was watching from the front row: "I hate that slurping sound she makes when she's giving a blow job."

The Cincinnati Sneak was one of the few wrestlers to die while in the ring. He became so confident that he could talk his way to victory over anybody that he ceased doing any research and was squashed to oblivion by "The Deaf Destroyer."



KNAVEL HISTORY

Book Of The Month



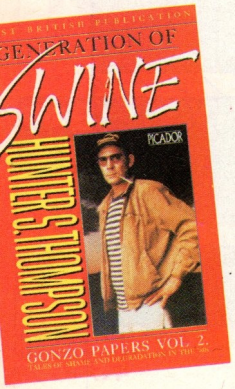
A tale well told is cause enough for celebration. When the story soars through dizzying otherworldly territory, and burns a pathway into the darker corners of your brain into the bargain, you're onto something special. Robert Holdstock's ***LAVONDYSS*** *(Gollancz, £11.95)* is one such, very special, book. It combines fantasy and suspense with a deep and authentic vision of the Celtic shamanism and older folklore which lies beneath our Northern European gloss of civilization. It's a journey straight into the stuff from which myths are born. Tallis Keeton is a remarkable young girl, one who finds herself drawn into a shadowy world where magic, reality and time have their meanings redefined. Her Grandfather, a man who has glimpsed other realms, dies and leaves her a book of folklore with a handwritten message in it. As she grows older, that message comes alive. She learns ancient wisdoms from twilight figures and struggles to make sense of the many worlds which she can discern and enter. In search of her lost brother, she leaves her parents and journeys through our collective unconscious, bent on penetrating the generative source of all life. If you have read *Mythago Wood*, you'll have some idea of what to expect. If not, you're in for one hell of a trip!

Charles Warren

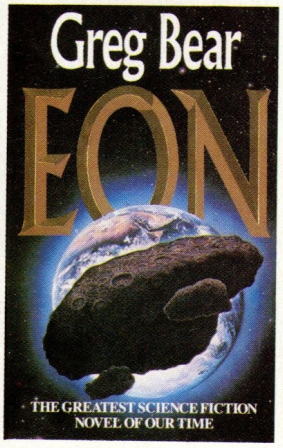
Books

"We are professionals," opines Hunter S. Thompson in ***Generation Of Swine*** *(Picador, £4.95)*. The book's a collection of his columns written for the *San Francisco Examiner*, it's subtitle gives the game away: Tales of Shame and Degradation in the 80s, Gonzo Papers Vol 2. The spaced-out, gun- toting, post-Watergate chronicler of the sleazoid, psychotic American dream is back in action with a vengeance. Inspirational.

If L. Ron Hubbard had not existed it may have been necessary for Hunter S. Thompson to have invented him. The mind-boggling biography of SF hack and founder of the Church of Scientology ***Bare-Faced Messiah*** *(Sphere, £3.99)* is a very thorough hatchet-job which rarely falters in its task. Definitely a book to read before you accept the offer of a 'personality' test off one of those energetic young people who abound around London's Goodge Street.

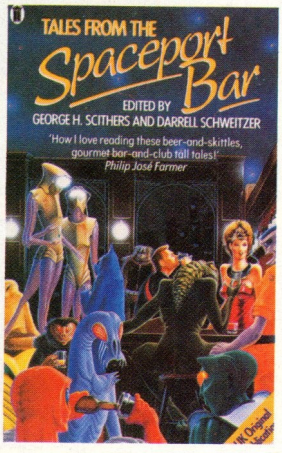


Greg Bear's ***Eon*** *(Legend, £3.50)* is a widely acclaimed piece of SF which usually manages to get itself compared with the sort of stuff that made Arthur C. Clarke famous. It's easy to see why. Huge orbiting stones from a future which may be ours (or a



parallel one or even an alternate one), holocausts and global destruction, living out of time ... good, solid entertainment.

More entertaining SF can be found in a collection of short stories edited by George Scithers and Darrell Schweitzer: ***Tales From The Spaceport Bar*** *(NEL, £2.99)*. Twenty two variations on the theme of stories heard in bars as told by an impressive array of writers



such as Asimov, Budrys, Clarke and Dozois.

Regular readers will recall how much Sheri S. Tepper's Jinian books have impressed me. ***Jinian Star-Eye*** *(Corgi, £2.99)* is book three of the trilogy and as full of magic, wisdom and tear-jerking emotion as the

rest of this brilliant fantasy series.

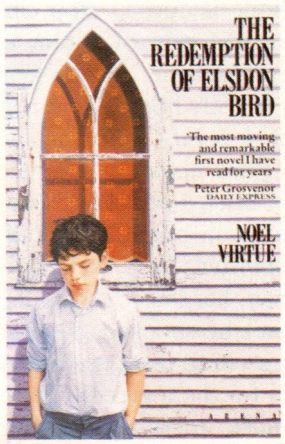
What better way to spend a cold and miserable March than with a book which teaches all you need to know to start surfing? John Conways' ***Surfing*** *(Salamander, £8.95)* is an excellent dry-land read as well as being a lucid and useful practical guide. Loads of information, which is well laid out, and loads of quality pictures. Designed by the team who design *Wavelength* – the UK's premier surfing mag, it's packed with advice on equipment, techniques and safety. Add to that information on the professional circuit and overseas locations and you get outstanding value for money. Get a copy now and make your summer holidays a bit more fun.

Alternatively, if you're not quite so keen on athleticism, there's a stomach-rumbling read by Elisabeth Luard called ***European Peasant Cookery*** *(Corgi, £7.95)* which is a must for lovers of good food. A wholesome social history of European food with hundreds of recipes demanding to be tried out, it's a book which I find difficult to put down for any length of time. And if all that food and exercise makes you feel ill ... try ***Dictionary Of Symptoms And Diseases*** by Richard Fisher *(Corgi, £5.95)*. A medical reference book that's a cut above the rest. For instance, in the section labelled obesity there's a nifty little equation which relates overweight pounds around the stomach to the likelihood of a premature death!

Terror and suspense merchant Dean R. Koontz may not seem the most likely candidate to come up with a 'spellbinding fable which will captivate readers of all ages', but that's the claim made for ***Oddkins*** *(Headline, £12.95)*. It's a story about a journey made by a bunch of toys after the death of their maker which develops into a neat parable – good and evil confront each other in the toy section of a department store! I tried it out on my kids, they loved it – so did I. Phil Parks' illustrations enrich the text beautifully.

Like much of the rest of the UK, I'm now a hopeless and helpless Bloom County fan. Berke Breathed's wonderful ***Billy And The Boingers Bootleg*** *(John Brown Publishing, £4.50)* is a superior cartoon book with a natty U2 pastiche on the back cover. You also get a polythene single "I'm A Boinger" and "U Stink But I Love You".

Peter Grosvenor's first novel ***The Redemption Of Elsdon Bird*** *(Arena, £2.99)* was widely acclaimed when it was first published and I'm not about to argue. Set in New Zealand, it's the story of a lovable young boy who has the misfortune to be born into a family of



religious zealots who are incapable of taking control of their own lives, let alone bringing up a son. Misfortune and misery pile up on the hapless boy. Deaths, beatings, cruel separations everytime he looks like forming worthwhile relationships ... it's impossible not to be deeply moved by it all.

Moving in a very different way is Cynthia Enloe's ***Does Khaki Become You?*** *(Pandora, £5.95)*. A factual account and indictment of the multiplicity of ways that women are (ab)used to support the military – whether in uniform themselves, as wives, as mothers, as workers, or as prostitutes. It's a truism that the last thing that facts ever do is to speak for themselves. This book negates that precept – you'd need a doctorate in double- think before you could deny the truth of this expose.

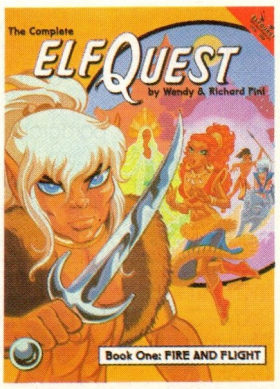
Is there anything else to be said about The Beatles that hasn't already been said? You bet. Mark Lewisohn's ***The Complete Beatles Recording Sessions*** *(Hamyln, £12.95)* is based on the Abbey Road studio official

records. Using a diary format he documents their rise and their increasing studio sophistication. Interspersed with this are interviews, photos, press releases and assorted items of interest. It's meticulous, thorough and fascinating in the way that it sheds light on the fab four. It takes over where Hunter Davis's famous biography left off.

Apparently, you can get BBC cassette tapes of Maureen Lipman reading her books aloud. I've not heard them, but they should be fun. Getting back to books, her follow-up to *How Was It For You?* is ***Something To Fall Back On*** *(Futura, £3.50)* a cornucopia of confessions, hymns of praise to Hull, and piquant puns such as 'Deflowered but not For-Lawn'. Pleasant, light- reading.

Jasper Carrot's ***Shop! Or A Store Is Born*** *(Arrow, £2.99)* is full of jokes and one-liners, but all firmly set in the context of a rather curious novel about the shifting fortunes of a department store on Kensington High Street. Not as sharp as his TV shows, but amusing nonetheless.

The best graphic novel to come my way while compiling this column was Wendy And Richard Pini's ***Elf Quest*** *(Titan, £8.95)*. A mythic tale of cute elves which isn't as cutesy as it appears at first glance. It's a modern day fairy-story that draws its inspiration from shamanism and tribal rites of passage – do not be deceived,



heavy things are afoot.

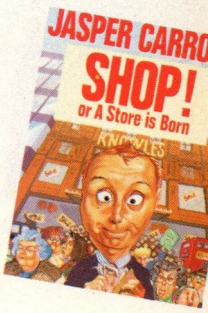
And finally, this month, to the winner of the 1987 Somerset Maughan prize – Matthew Kneale's ***Whore Banquets*** *(Everyman Fiction, £3.95)*. A provocative account of an Englishman struggling to make ends meet in Japan and experiencing all kinds of culture clashes. A black comedy/ thriller hybrid with plenty of action and characterization.

Charles Warren

Movies

If Chandler-type tough thrillers are your cup of whisky, then ***The Dead Can't Lie*** is special reserve, single malt – in fact, The Real McCoy. Most of our favourite situations happen, like the private eye (Tommy Lee Jones) falls for the dangerous dame (Virginia Madsen), with plenty of double bluffs and triple crosses and

deaths along the way. Murder, suicide, drowning, falling from parapets. Only, it's the same person who dies each time. But keeps coming back like a song. This plot has so many twists it's difficult to say anything at all without giving away some big surprise or other. So, if you want this glossy



VIEWFINDER

and magic picture to be a complete surprise don't read past the end of this sentence, but skip to the start of the next paragraph. But if you *are* reading this, here's another cryptic clue. In the titles of the great predecessors that this film is even more sleazily romantic than. After *Body Heat*, this is *Body Chill*. And it's: *The Phantom Always Rings Twice*...

More detective work in ***Without A Clue.*** It's an amusing addition to the Sherlock Holmes sagas. The dastardly Moriaty is out to ruin the economy of the Empire by kidnapping a

master-printer and flooding the world with counterfeit £5 notes. Can Holmes (Michael Caine) and Watson (Ben Kingsley) stop him? Well, you might think so, but, this time there's something very odd about them, like the way Watson orders Holmes about...and what's Watson doing, actually writing Sherlock Holmes stories? It's all an affectionate spoof on these grand old Victorians, and never mind if the plot is about as convincing as a four pound nineteen shilling and elevenpence three-farthing note. It's all delightfully nostalgic, from the bluff solid behaviour of Victorian males to the flickering glow of a firebox through the round windows of a tank engine.

The Raggedy Rawney is a sincere, almost visionary, film, set in a sort of No-Man's-Land. It's a labour of love by Bob Hoskins, who not only acts in it, but directed, for Hand Made Films, who love offbeat subjects. Hoskins plays the leader of a group of travelling people who shelter a mad person, dressed like a woman and painted like a

Movie Of The Month

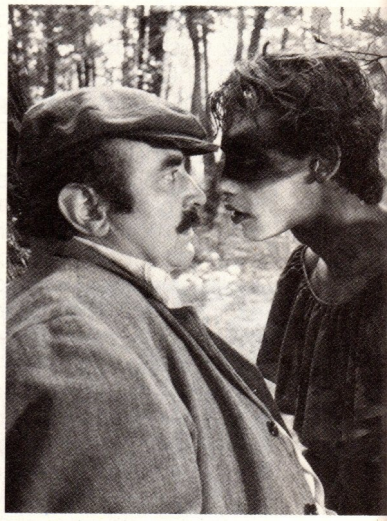
MADAME SOUSATZKA is nearly unpronounceable and unspellable. I only hope it doesn't stop cinema goers recommending this gem of a film to friends. Its star is Shirley Maclaine, inspiring in any film about loneliness bravely borne. Its director is John Schlesinger, of *A Kind Of Loving* and *Midnight Cowboy,* and films about loners who find love, which is usually brief, forlorn and confusing, through some common plight. So, Madame S. is a 70 year old spinster. She's had many love affairs with young men, her latest, a London Indian boy of 14, but don't be shocked. They're affairs of the mind. She's a piano teacher, they're her prize pupils. She cares for them greedily, possessively. Because great music doesn't come from the fingers, it comes from the heart and flows through every muscle of the body...

In the same house other 'love' affairs go on. A would-be pop singer (Twiggy) gets forever two-timed by agents, who find her singing less interesting than her flesh. A decayed gentlewoman (Peggy Ashcroft) gropes for companionship with an elderly gay. Together they revive memories of those boarding school meals, macaroni cheese and sago pudding...

You feel for them all. Especially the boy who, off the piano-stool, is a normal roller-skating kid at a comprehensive. But suddenly he's caught between overwhelming adults. There's a rapacious agent, quick to cash in on boy-wonder concerts; his soul-crunching teacher; plus *two* more overwhelming older women: Twiggy, who triggers his shy first love; and his wilful and ambitious mother (played by Shabana Azmi, a stunning star of Indian movies).

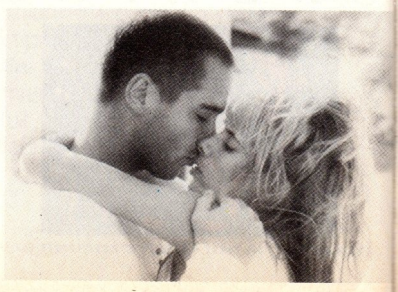
Eddie Hartley

clown. But we know 'she' is a boy, a deserter from a stupid war. Innocent



though he is, his attempt to escape stirs up disastrous consequences, from the incest and inbreeding lurking within the tribe, to an army attack on it that's practically genocide. The principle characters are played as pure English, though the scenery and everything else is East European (Czechoslovakia). A strange mixture, that might have worked. But the young man is so colourless under his oh-so-poetic masquerade, and the anti-war message is so clunky, that my mind wandered. Nonetheless, all the details which resemble Hoskins' earthy personality are great – the ribald songs, a strange wedding ritual, the family quarrels between close, simple, physical characters like Weasel (Ian Dury) and the dwarf with stunted hands. All that side of things the film has great empathy with, and I couldn't help thinking that if Hoskins, Dury and Co got stuck into a thoroughly English story they could knock *East Enders* into the middle of next week.

The French hero of ***The Big Blue*** is another visionary. His obsession is free diving, whose dark and dangerous depths give sportsmen out-of body experiences and turn them into mystics,



almost monks. Not so much Chariots, as Nostrils of Fire. Rosanna Arquette is the smart American reporter who keeps pulling him back to more human feelings. Her rivals are dolphins, which glide through this undersea heaven like friendly ghosts. Or angels. The resplendent seascapes deserve to be seen in a cinema with 70mm presentation.

Mister North is one of those people whose bodies store up so much static that their handshakes give people electric shocks. Mister North's wattage is so strong it even cures headaches, sciatica and nervous ailments galore. Plus he's a real nice guy and gives sincere, realistic comfort to lonely old people whom he cannot help. Doctors and do-gooders hate him. But he gets taken up by rich society, hence cameo roles by favourite oldsters like Lauren Bacall and Robert Mitchum. All this is set in the 20s, and the peroid details have been polished till they glitter. The men's suits are even whiter, and the Rolls-Royces are even longer than the Great Gatsby's. If you admire the Merchant-Ivory films, you'll quite enjoy this.

There's nothing sensitive about Arnold Schwarzenegger in ***Red Heat.*** Right off he marches into the Kremlin furnace-rooms, throws a few stokers over his shoulder, and clenches his hand around a sauna-hot stone, before twisting a suspect's leg off. He's Russia's reply to Dirty Harry. Duty calls him to Chicago, to help wry 'tec James Belushi smash an international dope-smuggling ring. When Belushi reads a suspect his rights, Comrade Arnold adds: "You ship drugs to my country, you wake up in the morning and find your testicles floating in a glass of water beside you." The smartass villain retorts, "I got no need for 'em." (He's so dope-sodden he's past it anyway.) Arnie: "Then we'll settle for your eyes." So here's another high-octane cocktail of tough talking, stunt driving, beat-em-up, and shoot-em-up.

Moonwalker stars Michael Jackson. The media preview swarmed with teenyboppers. Outside the cinema they begged my ticket. Inside the cinema they cheered when their hero lifted his arm, they cheered when he ran in slow motion, they cheered the smart pattern of studs on his boots, they cheered a still photo of him as a little boy. Their happiness cheered me up too, though I'm a real old codger who's more in tune with Old Mother Riley. The film itself is an inventive extravaganza, especially the first half. It's rock-video wall-to-wall and end-to-end, and throws vivid effects at you as fast as you can blink. A 35-picture split-screen, puppets mixed with live-action, time-lag superimpositions, transformation robots, the lot. With its crazy quilt of ideas and parodies it's practically *Robocop* meets *Roger Rabbit* plus *Buggsy Malone* meets *The Last Starfighter.* The general idea is that Michael Jackson has Protean personality and finally defeats Evil by turning into a spaceship. Which reminded me of Debbie Harry turning into a TV set in *Videodrome.* So, methinks we shall hear much clinking of ballpoints across the land as highbrows scribble notes in the dark. They did it to Dylan, they did it to Lennon, they'll do it to everybody, one day even the galley-slaves of Viewfinder...

Eddie Hartley

The London Film Festival, held late last year, provided its usual quota of upmarket erotica – although you had to search hard to find it.

Top marks from me for ***Little Vera*** – a movie from Russia which smashes all the worthy-but-dull stereotypes that have plagued Soviet cinema in the public eye. Vera is a slim, sexy, sun-tanned and very bored teenager who rejects her 'arranged marriage' college kid boyfriend and takes up with a handsome hunk 'pulled' at an illegal rock 'n' roll party. Her drunken father, harrassed mother and two-faced brother try but fail to understand her lifestyle, and conflict and tragedy become inevitable. There's one topless sex scene, which might seem tame to us but caused a sensation in the U.S.S.R. – where the movie was banned.

The Mask is an Italian film starring Helena Bonham Carter, whose acting qualities come as a pleasant surprise – though the Italian actress who dubs her lines takes some of the credit. Set in the 18th century, this elegant love story tells the tale of a cynical noble young squire who falls in love with a pretty young actress from a travelling show. She rejects his drunken, clumsy advances. Determined to win her, he changes his apperance with a variety of masks...

From France, ***Virgin*** is a saucy tale of a teenage French girl, bored to tears with a family holiday, seeking to lose her virginity – which, in her eyes, will be the key to the adult world. Rather than choose a boy of her own age for the honour, she falls under the influence of a sleazy middle-aged night-clubbing pseudo-playboy. But nothing turns out quite right... Delphine Zentout is provocatively attractive in the lead role in this sexy, funny but intelligent movie.

Rupert Metcalf

Videos

Time for a spot of rapid catching up, beginning with another not quite so recent *Medusa* title, ***Kadaicha.*** Apologies to that company and readers for *Knave* production crises delaying this one.

This Australian-made Medusa co-production borrows the theme of intruding on burial sites (usually Red Indian ones) and sees a long-dead Aboriginal witchdoctor making his gory point about an unscrupulous developer slapping up a shopping mall over sacred graves.

High school kids experience nightmares in which the old abo meets them in a cave and hands them a crystal – a kadaicha death stone – which is always on the pillow when they wake up. Within 24 hours each dies a gory death, attacked by one witchdoctor-possessed wild animal or another. Can an old full-blood called Billy help save Gail, our heroine?

Unpretentious, with good production values and a gorgeously funny point-of-view scene of a funnel web spider attacking its victim. A thoroughly enjoyable mild horror.

Those looking for more gore – and more laughs, come to that – might have fun with the immensely silly ***Hollywood Hookers*** *(Colourbox).* Catch-lined "they charge an arm and a leg", this tape warns viewers not to attempt the chainsaw stunts themselves, especially before sex. Daft? You bet!

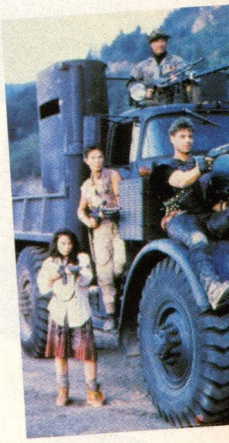
There's a cult of chainsaw worshipping tarts on the loose, and it's a world that teen runaway-hunting private dick Jack Chandler stumbles on and soon wishes he hadn't. Linnea Quigley *(Return Of The Living Dead* and *Savage Streets)* leads the sex interest as the runaway-turned-stripper.

The laughs in this deliberate spoof are fairly obvious, but no less funny for it. One for post-pub viewing.

Also suitable only for after chucking-out time is ***Empire Of Ash*** *(Mogul),* although I watched it after downing a

few bottles of vino with friends *(You have friends? – Ed)* and we all still had difficulty in spotting the entertainment.

This is yet another in the post-armageddon road warrior genre, quoting *Mad Max* and *Escape From New York* on its sleeve as reference points. Direction and photography-wise, this is not such a cheek as you'd think, but the staggeringly



shabby plot, dialogue and acting let it down a treat.

USA, after the bomb. Leather-clad 'warriors for God' roam the wastes zapping bands of virus-infected Lards, while both groups prey on healthy innocent survivors – the warriors to use the women as breeding stock and the Lards to drain their blood for frequently needed transfusions.

Our gutsy bra-less heroine sets out to rescue her sister from the warriors and encounters one or two laughs (a man with a rocket-firing hat, for example) and some scantily-clad warrior women. Could have been good, but falters in the execution.

Readers whose instant reaction to this month's lead video is "far too serious for me" can travel right to the other end of the weight scale with ***Glitch*** *(Medusa Home Video).* The most obvious thing to note about this post-teen comedy is that it is, if not a great deal else, the perfect antidote for those suffering from bikini starvation, with a nice round of 100 beauties parading topless or in swimsuits for a fair stint of its running time.

Since you ask, I didn't actually find time to count them, but they're all there on the closing credits – and nearer 110 if you count those with what are technically described as speaking parts. It strikes me that this is a large enough proportion of California's bimbos together in one place and at one time to count as the equivalent of a trade union's national delegate conference. I'm not sure if they actually took a show of hands or card vote on anything during the making of this movie, but if they did it was a resolution to giggle, preen and stand around looking pretty.

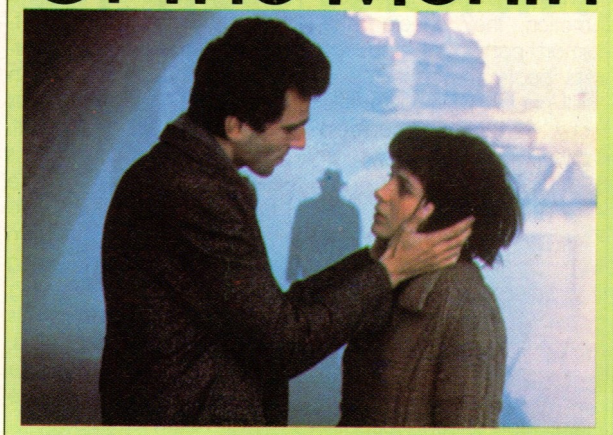
The plot concerns a pair of young burglars, Todd (modestly bright) and Bo (short planks variety) who swoop on the premises of an exploitation film producer while he's in Hawaii. Unfortunately, the producer's scatterbrained PA girlfriend has accidentally put that day's date on a mass of invitations to test out for his next movie. Almost caught red-handed, Todd and Bo must pose as the producer and director of the movie to avoid finding themselves in clink. And that means auditioning a solid one hundred bronzed bimbettes...shame!

Stacks of good stuff around on the sales front at present. February saw a fine space triple-bill of ***Enemy Mine, Alien*** and ***Aliens***, the last of which I considered a chef d'oeuvre from director James Cameron, almost matching his own ***Terminator*** for the breakneck pace of the second half. The latter two star, of course, Sigourney Weaver. Yummy! ***Romancing The Stone*** was re-released at an even lower price to pair up with the fresh release of ***Jewel Of The Nile.*** Kathleen Turner? Scrummy!

The year's biggie, though, comes in March. It's set in Australia and America. It stars Paul Hogan. Need I say more? Only, perhaps, that like the other five films mentioned, ***Crocodile Dundee*** comes from CBS/FOX and relates at under a tenner. What are you waiting for...?

Martyn Lester

Video Of The Month



It's time to go out on a limb this month and award the top spot to ***THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING*** *(CBS/Fox).*

A limb? Let's face it, it's not often that this space is filled with what many would regard as an 'art' film. On the other hand, how many art films feature frequent sessions of a heart-throb like Daniel Day-Lewis bonking like crazy with such beauties as Juliette Binoche and Lena Olin?

The film is set in the 'Prague Spring' of 1968 and follows the amorous exploits of a young brain surgeon called Tomas. His favourite phrase, which inevitably seems to work, is "take your clothes off."

Over-long, but well directed and ultimately first rate love story which succeeds exactly where *Nine ½ Weeks* failed — it has soul. Not recommended for those who restrict themselves to blood and thunder movies, but well worth persevering with if your tastes run to higher things and you are on the lookout for some very erotic scenes indeed.

See page 6 for details of our 50-prize *Unbearable Lightness* competition.

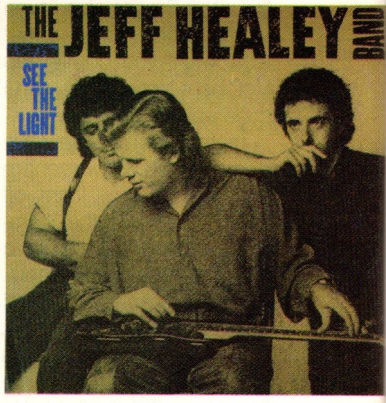
Martyn Lester.

Records

Toyah's ***Prostitute*** *(Editions EG)* is an electro-gloom exploration of femininity, humanity and the void. Wry, amusing, perceptive and worth repeated listenings. New Age feel is used with

ominous effect; husband Robert Fripp isn't credited, but it'd be no surprise if he were. Music to plunge into oblivion by.

A guy getting rave reviews everywhere is Jeff Healey, a Toronto-born 22 year old blind guitarist. The Jeff Healey Band's first album ***See The Light*** *(Arista)* is an awesome display of his technical prowess. The



album's a collection of superior rock/blues which reminds you what a potent instrument the electric guitar can be – the CD version is especially mind-blowing. Apparently, B.B. King's in awe of the guy – who can argue with a testimony like that?

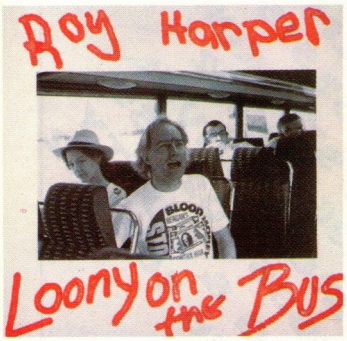
Ex-Clannad songstress, Enya, had a remarkable hit last year with "Orinoco Flow", a hauntingly beautiful swirl of music and voice evoking something which you couldn't quite latch on to, but which was irresistible all the same. The video with the feel of an animated oil-painting helped the mood. With the LP ***Watermark***

(WEA) you get much more of the same – brilliant it is too. The intoxicating sounds wheel and dive like wind-blown clouds – makes you wish you had wings.

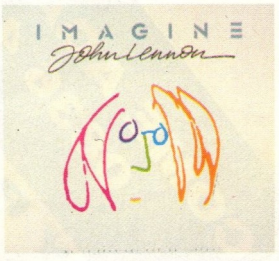
If all this talk of New Age instrumentals has got you going, why not help yourself to Klaus Schulze's ***En=Trance*** *(Thunderbolt)*. A grand, virtuoso performance where the electronics and rhythms perform conjuring tricks that defy rational explanation.

Beautiful is not the adjective which leaps to most peoples' minds when seeking to describe Roy Harper's music. But I'm an old hippie at heart and don't blanch at using such a word to describe some of Harper's ballads, a perfect example being 'Playing Prison' from ***Loony On The Bus*** *(Awareness)* – a compilation of unreleased material from the past 11 years.

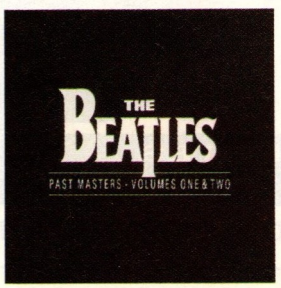
Good album this, Harper inveighing against civilization – that ludicrous joke which we've played on ourselves. But, no stoned, hallucinatory lyrics here. The vision is clear and sharp.



I never actually got around to seeing the movie *Imagine*, but I did get hold of ***Imagine: Music From The Motion Picture*** *(EMI)*. It's a double album of John Lennon's work. The problem with anything like this is that it always provokes the 'how the hell did they miss ... 'Cold Turkey', 'Happy Christmas (War Is Over)' etc. ... out'. Having said that, it's a pretty solid collection. From 'Strawberry Fields' and other Beatle highspots, through Plastic Ono Band bashes such as 'Give Peace A Chance' and on to the last year's Renaissance 'Woman', 'Beautiful Boy' and 'Just Like Starting Over'. December 8th, 1980 suddenly seems not so far away.



CD owners have had a bit of a bonus in the re-release stakes of late. Particularly, with Beatles music. ***Past Masters Volumes 1 & 2*** *(Parlophone)* is a double album for all those who still only have access to vinyl and/or cassette. It's a collection of 33 tracks culled from singles and EPs which will compliment anyone's collection of LP material.



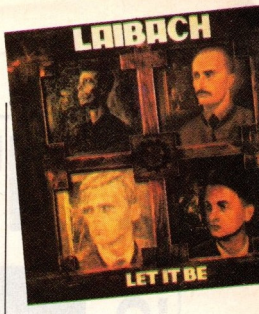
Record Of The Month

The Silencer's second album ***A BLUES FOR BUDDHA*** *(RCA)* is an atmospheric, pounding affair which is incredibly polished and commercial. Jimme O'Neill's vocals being just one high-point of the proceedings. To my jaded ears, they recall a host of recent Aussie successes (No, I'm not thinking about young Kylie — I'm thinking of The Triffids, The Adventures and to an extent INXS and John Farnham). The production is excellent and crisp.

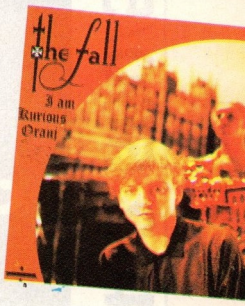
There are moments of Celtic influence such as the intro to "Razor Blades Of Love" which develops into solid driving rock. Some really heavy blues get mixed up with angst ridden lyrics — "Skin Games" for instance harks back to original sin in a shoulder-shrugging, toe-tapping sort of way. Blues and spirituality come through in the title track as well, a gentle acoustic affair. And that blues feel is carried through with a vengeance via some soul-blasting slide guitar in the mournful "Wayfaring Stranger". Man, that guitar is so sweet and pure, it works on the physical level. Mind-mangling? I nearly fell off my bean-bag as it twisted through the stereo soundscape — it took me the whole of the next track to recover. Elsewhere, as in "Scottish Rain" strong hooks and melody lines insinuate themselves into your head.

Seekers after value for money should note that you get an extra track on the CD and cassette versions of this album.

Andy Oldfield

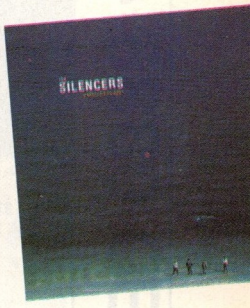


More Beatles' material, but delivered courtesy of Laibach is on ***Let It Be*** *(Mute)*. Laibach are Yugoslavian and deliver most of The Beatles' *Let It Be* album in .. urm ... well, it's snarled and it's sort of martial. A fuck of a way removed from flower power, anyway. The easiest way of conveying the flavour of it is to suggest you imagine good ol' glam boys, Sparks, heavily into steroids and *Mein Kamf* with atonal jackboots on their drum machine!

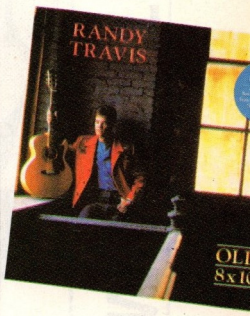


And now for a spot of ballet. No, don't get your tutus in a twist. We're talking serious music here. ***I Am Curious Oranj*** *(Beggars Banquet)* is the latest jolt from The Fall. They wrote and performed the music for the opera of the same name. Michael Clark and company danced it (C'mon, you've seen him on the arty TV programmes – punk ballet dancing supremo). It was premiered in my favourite city, Amsterdam, last year to 'celebrate' the anniversary of Mary and William of Orange. Odd, it certainly is.

Andy Oldfield



Two of the big boys of the New Country movement have reached the 'third album' stage: Dwight Yoakam and Randy Travis. Of the two, Randy seemed the most likely to fall into the 'establishment trap' and become bland and boring as the dollars rolled in. ***Old 8x10*** *(Warner Bros.)* has – almost – convinced me that he has avoided such a fate. His sugary voice may sound just a little too smooth and self-satisfied at times, but the songs are tough enough to compensate.



In contrast, there's never been any danger of Dwight Yoakam burning his 'alternative' tag – he daren't, what with the amount of abuse he aims from his Californian base at the Nashville moguls! ***Buenas Noches From a Lonely Room*** *(Reprise)* is the business – hard country, Hank Williams meets James Dean – a tough, rocky sound that steers well clear of any sweet sentimentality.

Rupert Metcalf

VIEWFINDER

CANDY

Candy may be as sweet as sugar, but that's no reason to get fresh with her. She's fond of working out, and we're not talking long division sums here, guys – know what we mean? We're talking pectoral flexing. We're talking muscle tone. We're talking post-exercise massage with the old baby oil followed by sordid sex sessions in the shower room. We're talking... does anyone have a tissue?

Photographed by Hans Larsson

"I hate these power-cuts!"

His mate wasted no time in popping his whopper up into my cunt.

The driver could no longer reach my boobs so the conductor grabbed hold of them from behind as they dangled freely and proved himself to be as good a tit rubber as his mate was.

The driver shot his load into my mouth but I was unable to savour it to the full because my attention was taken by the best orgasm I have ever had. Every part of my body tingled with intense pleasure and the slightest touch on my nipples would have caused me to scream with unbearable delight. I was vaguely aware that the conductor was grunting loudly and I felt his cock exploding its juices into my cunt. The force of his last thrust lifted my feet off the ground and suspended my arse in the air hooked onto his cock; while my head remained wedged between the driver's legs.

We all composed ourselves and as it was departure time the bus got under way. I think the crew found that particular lay-over very, very enjoyable and I got one of the best rides that I have ever had on Public Transport. — *Mrs Monk, Coventry.*

Pointy Bits

Congratulations, Bonnie (Vol. 20 No. X) has the perfect tits. The gentle swell of the under-side, freow! And those lovely pointy bits culminating in such suckable nipples, fre-fucking-ow!! — *R.H., Frant.*

Squelch!

Can I start my letter by paraphrasing Charles Dickens. *(No — Ed).* Because that in a nutshell is what my letter is all about.

Though my story has only climaxed during the summer it is all connected with events which happened early in the year. My husband and me have been married for ten years — we are both in our mid-30s — Tom is 35 to my own 33 — my name's Linda by the way.

I had always been on the pill, but in March I had to see my Doctor about something or other and he suggested that we use some other method of contraception — and that's when Tom started to use condoms. On this particular occasion he came in with a packet of those multi-coloured rubbers and we had many a giggle each time I pulled a blue or a green one onto his cock. But this story comes down to when he used a black one. I remember giving him a wolf whistle and saying something to the effect that I'd always fancied having a black cock for a change.

This must have struck a chord somehow with Tom because every time after that whenever he used a black sheath he would ask if I still fancied being fucked by a real black cock. I'd reply to the effect that "Well — I think most women have this notion to have a coloured lover." For myself it wasn't an obsession — nothing I had thought of day and night. And that was that. Early in April Tom had a vasectomy and the subject seemed to be forgotten — certainly by me — but apparently not by Tom, as events proved.

It was in May that our immediate neighbours sold their house. The new owners turned out to be a Nigerian doctor and his wife and their 18 year old son — they were Mr and Mrs Nambur — their son's first name was just about as long as a street and Tom and me simply called him Danny for short.

We got on well with the Namburs, we didn't see much of Danny at first as he'd recently started as a student down at Bristol University.

In June, Tom and I celebrated our 10th wedding anniversary — we hired a local hall — invited lots of friends and relations — there was plenty of drink of course and also a Disco. Mr and Mrs Nambur came and also Danny who came up from Bristol for the week-end.

"It wasn't 'till the next morning that I realized that despite his 'vasec' he had screwed me with a black rubber."

PENPOWER

I admit to having probably more than my share of drink. I was happy but never drunk. I danced a great deal with lots of our guests, including Danny, and on one occasion Danny did let his hand move across my bum. I could feel the bulge of his crotch. I gave him a little peck on his cheek and whispered: "Naughty boy," but not till after I'd rubbed my own crotch quite deliberately against that bulge.

I didn't think anyone had noticed, but Tom had. After the disco we invited Tom's parents and my own back to our house, a few other friends also, including the Namburs who had most kindly offered to put up Tom's folks for the night. There was more drink flowing. Then, much later, when the Namburs and Tom's parents were leaving I went to the front porch with them. I kissed my in-laws 'goodnight' and our neighbours. Then, again Danny's hands were on my bum. Again I went with him as he pulled me close. This time it was a passionate kiss. His hand cupped one of my breasts and I felt the throb of his cock against my thighs.

I didn't think anyone had noticed, again I was wrong, for Tom most certainly had. He told me so later on in our bed that night. He wasn't nasty about it, quite the contrary. "You fancy him don't you, Linda?" he asked me.

I told him not to be silly. "Danny's just a boy — he's only 18."

"Yeah, a big boy though, you said months ago you fancied some black cock."

I was half asleep. We made love at one point during the night, I was in a daze when he was on the job. It wasn't till the next morning that I realized that despite his 'vasec' he had screwed me with a black rubber.

Some months later Tom and I were watching TV — it was a film about this black guy who was working with this white girl. Tom came out with it; "She fancies him, she's got the hots for him, just like you and Danny's black cock."

"I could feel my nipples punching their way through the thin satin."

Danny as it happened had returned home that week at the start of his long summer vacation. My 33rd birthday was just a few days away. Tom started again; "Have him for a special birthday present. Celebrate with some hard black cock. Find out if it's right about black studs. I bet he's got a lot more to give you than me." I tried to stop him, but he persisted. "Have him round on your birthday. I'll get out of the house. Have a dirty week-end, go on."

And I did. The same week as my birthday.

On my birthday Tom gave me his present — one of the sexiest nighties I have ever seen. He handed it over with a kiss and a whispered "Wear it this week-end... please." We knew that Danny would be round quite early with his own present and also one from his parents who were both off to work. In readiness for Danny's arrival I had carried out Tom's words just as had requested.

I am a natural blonde and I had got myself tarted up all in black. My dress was a thin, figure hugging mini — so short it just about covered my bum cheeks and no more. I wore black fishnets, a tiny matching belt and pantie set, black high heels and that was it. I think my figure can be described as neat but with larger than average breasts.

When Danny came in and saw that dress — well, the expression on his face was simply priceless. He looked at Tom. He looked at me. His mouth opened and shut. He had two fancifully wrapped packages in his hands. He wished me a happy birthday and after a glance over at Tom he gave me a gentle peck on the cheek. That was Tom's cue. He shook Danny's hand, checked in his pocket for his car keys, said something to the effect that it was time he was off to the office.

Danny and I stood facing each other, he was still gazing almost spellbound at my dress. I had to break the ice so I whispered: "Well — do you like it? It's special for you Danny."

He spluttered "Special for me? What do you mean?" He was looking at my breasts — I could feel my nipples punching

"In this business it's dog eat dog. Do you have a dog, Hemsley?"

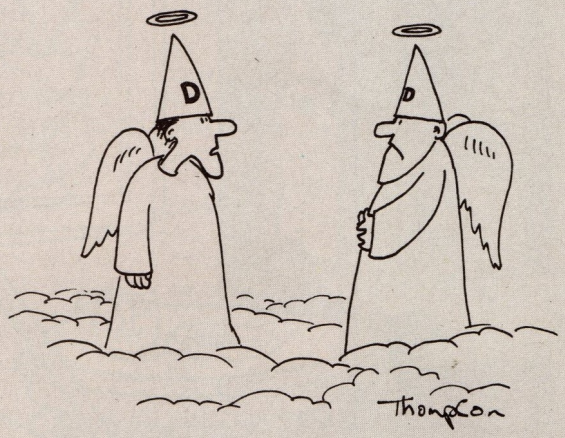
their way through the thin satin. I tried again. I took a deep breath and then twirled round quickly on my high heels. I heard his gasp of admiration as my dress flared up high to my waist. It was all there for him to see: thighs, belly and rounded buttocks. The dress settled and I whispered: "Well, Danny,how about my birthday kiss?"

A second later and I was in his arms. It was a hot, wet, sexy kiss. Mouths wide open, teeth clashing and tongues probing and sucking. I had my hands in his hair pulling his head down. I could feel one of his hands moving over my thighs and buttocks and then the hand was on my naked bum-cheeks. Another second and a long finger was inside the leg of my panties and I was moaning under our kiss as he slid it into my cunt. Already I was soaking and I started to jerk my pussy onto his finger. Another moment and again I was moaning under our kiss as he slid it into my cunt. Already I was soaking and I started to jerk my pussy onto his finger. Another moment and again I was moaning and gasping as his other hand was at my tits. The hand was inside my dress. He lifted first one boob out and then the other. His hand was warm and slightly rough and his touch made me shiver all over. He found my nipples and they sprang up hard under his fingertips. Then his mouth was at my breasts teasing and sucking on my erect nipples. His hand was moving down over my belly — I could feel his cock against my hip. I moved my hands from his head. With one hand I started to tug at his shirt, pulling it from his slacks, my other hand moved up and down the huge bulge of his cock. Even through his trousers I knew he was big. Almost in a daze I was pulling at his zip, it came down and I put my hand inside and gasped as my fingers closed over his rock hard cock. I made to pull it out of his slacks but he was much too big and hard. I started to tug at his belt, then his belt was free and I was pulling his slacks down over his hips to his knees. That's when I saw his cock for the first time. It was huge, enormous and black as night. I was on my knees now, I had his cock in both of my hands. I pressed his knobhead to my lips. I wanted to suck him off but he was much too thick for that — he was thicker than my wrist. *(Nearly as thick as anyone who believes a word of this! — Ed.)* So I just licked and kissed his prick instead.

He bent forward and licked the inside of my thighs. A second of that and then he was darting his tongue into my wet slit, circling it round and round the entrance to my cunt. I just moaned and groaned and kept on pulling on his cock. His balls were swaying, large and heavy. He slid a finger into my pussy alongside his tongue. My juices were streaming, I arched up towards him, crushing my pussy against his face. Then he was kneeling between my thighs. I was pulling him by the cock down to my cunt — my entire body was crying out for sex, crying out to be fucked, to be ravished almost.

As the tip of his cock entered my cunt a bolt of sheer, hot hunger for his black prick shot through me. I was quivering in my need. Suddenly he began to groan and jerk. I cried out as he rammed right to the neck of my cunt and then he was pumping his load into me, pumping me full of semen which overflowed from my pussy, down the sides of his cock, down onto his balls, and spilled hot and sticky, onto my buttocks and thighs. I started my own coming then. My juices flooded my cunt, his cock was squelching in our combined wetness as his strokes slowly slackened. He was still in me, his cock still semi-hard inside me. He pulled it out and it flopped across my belly. He rolled onto his side and pulled me with him. For a long time we kissed each other softly and tenderly.

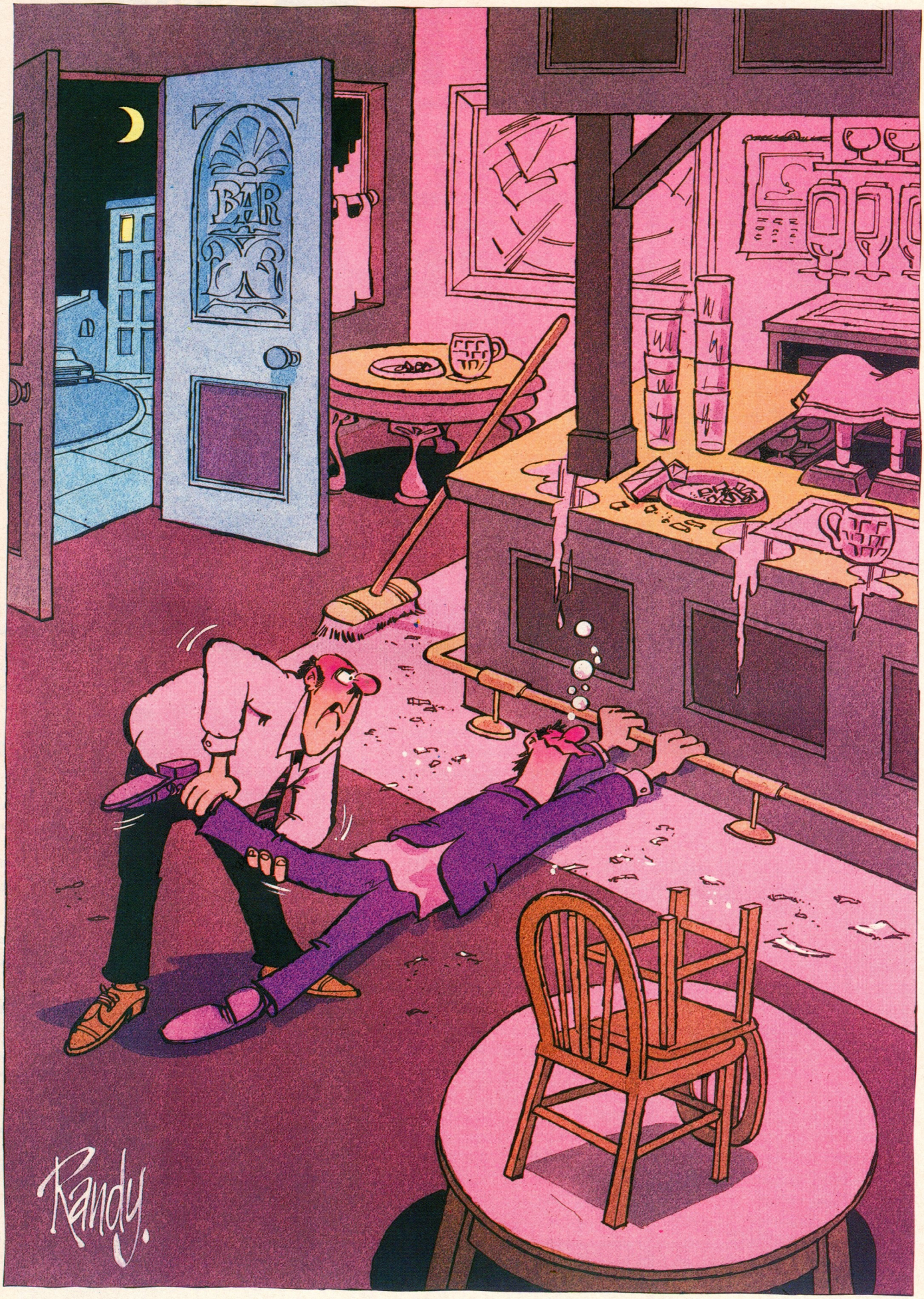
There was still something I wanted to do however. I pushed him onto his back. I leaned over him with my



"Personally, I think we're living in a fools' paradise."

"Another second and a long finger was inside the leg of my panties... he slid it into my cunt."

PENPOWER



"Yes, yes, I'm sure my bar loves you too — now go home!"

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Hot from her whistle-stop tour of Middle-Eastern brothels and sexologists conventions, our resident lady of the couch, the highly-respected and over-paid BETTE NOIRE, B.Sex (Hons), M.Sex (Distinction), P.45, continues with her soul-gladdening and wallet-fattening mission to bring sexual fulfillment to the ordinary people. Problems, problems — everyone's got 'em and don't you like to talk about it? Save the sob stories for the ubiquitous Ms. Noire — we're all off down the pub!

Q: I find that it takes me a long time to come. I'm aroused in every way, so it isn't that. But after what seems to be a long time, I haven't ejaculated, and my girlfriend is complaining that she's sore, and wants to forget the whole thing! — J.K., (Southfields).

A: She's probably not helping matters, either! Considering that women like things to last, I'm a bit surprised. Never mind. Now, I don't know how long your "long time" is, so I can't be very specific. If it's a matter of two hour's thrusting without any action, you might want to look into the matter — your GP is a good start to clear any possible medical reason. But if it's ten minutes — she may be upset because she thinks she's not exciting you enough. You must reassure her that this isn't the case, and explain that your body isn't a machine, and that everyone has his own time. Relax and enjoy the ride and for God's sake, put that book away. Since her juices tend to dry up after a while, add some lubrication into the fun to make her more comfortable. Are you content with your timing? If so, great — then she's the problem. Likewise, if you're both feeling out of sync and impatient, you both might want to talk about just what works for each of you, and what can be improved.

Q: Can a penis be too small? — M.C., (Cardiff).

A: Only if it can't get to where it's going. Statistics make that very unlikely! Don't compare yours with the one next door... or the next urinal. If you are convinced you're a candidate for the Guinness Book of Records, send yourself to the nearest laboratory and sell tickets. You'll be so rich it won't matter.

Q: Right before her period my wife practically jumps all over me. I thought women grew more excited in the middle of it, when they were the most fertile. Which is it? — H.H., (Penge).

A: Both, precious, both. Horses for courses, as they say. Go with the flow.

Q: My mate at works says that condoms made from animal skin are better than the synthetic kind. Why should this be? I never got a straight answer. — L.K., (Cambridge).

A: Because there isn't nearly the flexibility in animal ones — they don't stretch as much, so they tend to be slightly bigger in size. Being a vegetarian, myself, I wouldn't recommend them.

Q: I was married for several years to a man with whom sex was terrific. I've since gotten divorced, and am involved with someone new. The problem is, I haven't been able to have an orgasm — I always could before — and don't know why. — S.G., (London).

A: Well, you're obviously capable of responding beautifully, right? So it makes me wonder about a few things.

First: What's this guy's technique? How does he compare, in terms of time taken for arousal, oral sex, positions, talking in bed, etc.? I'm not talking about the "Who's the tops?" game, just trying to figure out what's missing.

Secondly: have you put your ex behind you? No, not literally — do you feel as strongly about this fellow? Are you both completely comfortable with each other? Do you have the same kind of committment, if that's important to you? Who left who, anyhow? If you were left, are you still feeling hurt and vulnerable? If you left him, are you still angry or regretful? I'd think about this before running off to the nearest sex shop for the latest Passion Pills...

Q: My boyfriend and I have been together for several years. In the beginning sex was fine, but more and more, he insists on my going down on him — to the exclusion of anything else. The minute we get into bed (or anywhere else) he directs me down there, and that's about it, since afterwards he hasn't much left over for me. I've told him that I don't appreciate this, but he tells me that I should care about his sexual satisfaction. — L.B., (Milton Keynes).

A: You are doing, pet — whether you like it or not — at the expense of your own satisfaction. If you've told him that you're getting the limp end of the deal, and that Johnny One Note is hardly the music of love, and if he's physically capable of intercourse, then it's only left to you to decide whether or not to remain with the selfish yobbo. Chances are, there's some selfishness going on elsewhere in the relationship. Who needs it? If you're not the doormat type, you don't.

Q: I've just found out that my wife is pregnant. We're delighted, but curious: at what point do we have to give up sex? — M.N., (Wapping).

A: At no point, unless the obstetrician has specifically said something (for example, if your wife is prone for various reasons to miscarriage) otherwise. The growing foetus is remarkably well protected. Obviously the bigger she gets, the more care should be taken, and the types of positions you prefer should change as she enters the final stages. A good one is where she sits back (pillows supporting her lower back) with her buttocks resting at the edge of the couch (or bed or chair), and her feet on the floor. You kneel between her legs, putting pillows under your knees so that your cock is at the right height to enter her comfortably — and save your knees. The side rear entry position's also nice. And there's nothing like a little imaginative experimentation! Congratulations!

Q: I have stolen my boyfriend's copy of Knave to read your column, and I need to have a problem solved. I hope you can help. I love him very much, so I can't understand why lately I have been having trouble getting wet enough for sex to be comfortable with him. I have been using the same birth control pill as always, so they're not the problem. I am twenty four. — W.K., (Wandsworth).

A: Ooh. Sticky problem. Well, your age isn't the problem either. How about these possiblities: Is he taking enough time to get you excited? Do you have unresolved tensions or annoyances about your relationship that your body is dealing with better than you? Are you douching with something different — or too much? Taking any new drugs? If the answer is no to everything, there's a slim possibility that a hormonal imbalance is gumming up the plumbing. Your gynaecologist can help.

Problem? Reasonable questions answered. If unreasonable, they'll either get trashed or passed around for a smirk or a laugh in the office! Write to: What's Your Problem? Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

TRIXIE

Okay, I know Trixie was in the last but one issue of Knave. So why have we put her in again? Simple, the Art Editor still has a monster stiffy from the last time he drooled over her. As you've guessed, this is no normal lecher we're talking about. This is a man who puts Trixie's pictures in a slide projector and then shines her image onto a fifty feet wide screen.

Can't say as I blame him. The way her breasts stand up as proud as anything that ever came out of a jelly-mould is aesthetically pleasing to the nth degree.

Photographed by Paolo Tallarigo

Illustrated by Mike Roberts

Dragonslayer

Are they puns or spelling mistakes? Only GERRY BRONOWSKI knows, and he's not telling. Make up your own mind as you read this daring tale of dragons, magic swords, dusky maidens and turnip wine...

Princess Rosamund giggled, all bright and tinkly, like loose teeth: "Ooh! It's very long, isn't it, George? And so hard!"

"It's a quiver," I said.

"Is that because it's excited?"

"No, princess. It's a quiver because that's what we call the big empty things that hold our arrows."

"Daddy calls them serfs."

We were in the blood sports room of the Enchanted Castle. Daddy, King Gustav to his subjects, had finally decreed it was time his eldest daughter Rosamund came to terms with the seedier side of life and learned that archery was not just the ability to flutter her eyelashes at visiting eligible princes. I had nobly volunteered to assist — without a single thought to getting my hands on her enormously fat royal inheritance. I was far more interested in her enormously fat royal body.

"Shall we get to grips with the bow now?" I suggested harmlessly.

Rosamund, sensibly attired for blood sports in a trailing silk gown with wrought gold slippers and a wimple, clasped her limp pink hands to the limp pink ribbon at her throat, and blushed loudly. "Ooh, George! You are awful."

"Not that sort of bow. I meant — oh, never mind. I've had enough for one morning. Fancy a game of quoits, your majesty."

"Ho-ho!" he wheezed. "Quoitus interruptus, eh?"

As a man, the king's retinue winced. Gustav picked on one particular stooped, pale, droopy nosed clerk and jabbed him with an elbow. "Make a note of that, Bede. I'll use it in my Christmas address." As the clerk pulled out his quill, Gustav turned back to me. "Glad I caught you before you left, old son. I'd like a small favour." He lowered his voice and edged conspiratorially nearer. There was a brief stampede as the retinue closed in. "It's the dragon," he confided.

I was shocked. "King Gustav! That's no way to talk about my future mother-in-law."

"Your — ? Oh, that old queen. No, I mean the real dragon, George. Two wings and a fiery temperament. He's been terrorising my kingdom for the past six months, frightening the horses and consuming my stocks of unbesmirched dusky young maidens. The situation's virgin on the ridiculous, my boy."

"Yeah, I read about that in the colour supplement," I sympathised. "Tragic waste of hymen life."

"I thought so. That's why I'd like you to put an end to this monster's reign of terror."

"Right. It's high time someone — what?" What was I saying? What was he saying? "Is your majesty seriously proposing — ?"

"Let's put it this way, George. If you're seriously proposing, so am I."

"I'm not with you, king."

"Then let me explain." Gustav grinned and his gold fillings winked wickedly. "You want me to grant you my daughter's hand, right?"

"Well, yes." There were one or two other bits I had my eye on, but this probably wasn't the time to mention it.

"Well, George, you may be aware that my daughter just happens to be a very special person."

"You mean she's dyslexic?"

"No, I mean she's a bloody princess. And, by definition, princesses deserve only the very best when it comes to holidays and hosiery and husbands and things, right?"

"Yerrrs..." I had a horrible suspicion I was walking straight into a...

"And, as such, I have to be sure you're up to the job. So to speak. So I want you to prove yourself with a simple little task."

"Like topping a thirty hundredweight dragon?"

"There are sound historical precedents for it, George."

"Mayhap, your majesty. But this is the third century! Surely they have special people for this sort of thing these days? Have you tried Yellow Pages? I'm sure they..."

"Oh, do stop babbling, man! You're going and that's an end of it."

"It'll probably be an end of me," I muttered. "Time was when people used to be satisfied with a box of milk chocolates."

Gustav fixed me with a steely eye. Unblinking, he flung back his ermine cloak, and grabbed the large, shiny knob thus exposed. "Do you know what this is, George?"

Not trusting myself to speak, I just wobbled my head.

Gustav drew back his arm. There was a faint, rasping sound, followed by the mass gasp of a retinue. When I reopened my eyes, Gustav was standing before me, brandishing a puissant sword of purest platinum.

"My God!" breathed Rosamund. "Such a big weapon for such a little man."

"N,n,now, let's not do anything hasty, your majesty," I b,b,began. But Gustav just chortled.

"Don't get the wrong idea, my son. I'm not going to chop your head off. Yet. I'm merely offering you the loan of my magic sword Excalorie to protect you on your fell mission."

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"Most kind, king." I took the sword and essayed a few practice swipes. The retinue scampered for cover. "So, what's so magic about it?"

Gustav shrugged. "It talks."

"A talking sword, eh?" I mused. "I don't see the point."

"It's that tapered thing opposite the handle," said the sword.

"He's very sharp," Gustav chuckled. "He'll have you in stitches."

I winced. "A talking sword with a sense of humour? That's all I need."

"Is it?" Gustav looked surprised. "You're very welcome to a handful of my best soldiers if you've a mind?"

"No, thanks, your majesty. If I'd a mind, I wouldn't be going at all. I'll just take my trusty varlet Ashmole."

"Well, if you're sure. I don't mind how you wage your campaign against this beast, just so long as you're quick about it. We wouldn't want these terrible killings to dragon all week, would we?" Gustav guffawed and elbowed his increasingly stooped clerk in the ribs. "Dragon all week! Make a note of that, Bede. I'll be asking questions later."

"Are you sure we won't meet any dragons this way, Ashmole?"

"Dead sure, sire." Ashmole had an unfortunate turn of phrase. "Too bleedin' marshy." As a failed travelling fist-fighter, Ashmole had made his mark all over the kingdom — and still had the underpants to prove it.

We were riding through the plashy glades of the Wandering Wood, I mounted on my proud new glossy steed Paloddin, Ashmole on Gus, a baggy old mule he'd had for donkey's years.

"It was good of you to come," I told him. "Some varlets would have blenched at the prospect.

"Twas nothing, sire." Ashmole took a bite from his bladder of turnip wine and hiccoughed, as was his wont when not sleeping. "I had a dentist's appointment this afternoon, anyway."

I sighed wistfully. "And I was hoping to have another session with the fair Rosamund."

"Aye, I guess we were both expecting to have something small and hard pulled, eh, sire?"

He was a filthy minded sod, but a cheap one. Save for the plain-spoken gurglings of his digestive system, we rode on in contemplative silence. The sun was beginning to slide down the eastern sky and I was beginning to contemplate a halt, when Gus began to whine and rear.

"Ashmole, your ass is acting strangely."

"That's probably the turnip wine, sire. Plays 'avoc with your innards, so it does. Hic!"

"You don't suppose it could have anything to do with our curious surroundings, then?"

"How dost mean, sire?"

"Well, I know you said this was relatively dragon-free country, but I can't help noticing that there are a veritable superfluity of small, singed brown goats round here."

"Nothing to worry about, sire. Probably just kids."

"You think so? Well, what about the giant green plates we passed some while back? They looked uncommonly like dragon scales to me."

"Mushrooms, sire. They crop up everywhere."

My mind was almost at rest, when Gus again reared, tossing Ashmole off his scurvied back like a loose sack of potatoes. I halted Paloddin and clopped over to see what had startled the old nag. There, crouched in the long cool grass, was the sprawled corpse of a damsel, her finery ripped and shredded, a necklace of blood about her throat, her limbs nibbled off clean at the torso.

"Godsweskit!" exclaimed Ashmole. "Worst road accident I've seen all month. Must've been a horse 'n' cart driver, sire. Probably in his cups."

I lifted a foot from my stirrup and waved it at him. "Pull this, would you, Ashmole?"

"Why, sire?"

"It's got bloody bells on. This is no hit-and-run accident, man. This was done by a rampaging dragon."

"Art sure, sire?"

"Of course I'm sure. I think I know the grisly work of a dragon when I see it, thank you. And I know when it's time to make ourselves unplentiful. We've got to get out of here, Ashmole. And fast."

Paloddin and I trod water while Ashmole regained his mount. Then I spurred off towards the south, bidding him follow.

"Not that way, sire!"

For heaven's sake, man! Why on earth not?"

"You'll run into the dragon, sire."

I reined in. The horse snorted and pawed impatiently at the ground. "Ashmole, I do wish you'd make up your tiny mind. First you say there are no dragons for flaming furlongs, now you're seeing them come out of the woodwer,wer,wer..." As I spoke, a tongue of flame unfurled

"Ashmole had made his mark all over the kingdom — and still had the underpants to prove it."

across the forest floor, licked at Paloddin's fetlock and tasted my foot. I looked up in some surprise.

Ahead of me, looming hot and massive in the flimsy foliage, stood a shiny, smoking, green dragon. Its angry amber eyes burned holes through the bosky atmosphere, molten saliva dripped from a khaki lower lip, sizzling like chip fat on the cringing bracken below. I found myself speechless. Behind me, though, Ashmole rallied valiantly.

"You big slimy overgrown mythical beast!" he called from the safety of an oak hole. "What's the idea of trying to toast my governor's toes?"

The dragon seemed to smirk. "I always like to provide my guests with a warm welcome," he said. "And what business have you encroaching on the domain of the fearsome flying dragon?"

Mustering all my strength, I finally plucked up the courage to speak: "Tell him, Ashmole."

My varlet blustered and spluttered like an April morning, damning the dragon for his past misdeeds, and threatening dire consequences for possible future ones. When he had finished, as if taken aback at his own temerity, he took a swig of the turnip wine and hiccoughed defiantly.

"Well!" exclaimed the dragon. "We do have a high h'opinion h'of h'ourselves, don't we? But how, pray, do

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we intend enforcing our little edict?"

Ashmole looked to me and seized another bladder of turnip wine. "Tell him, sire. Hic!"

Through a haze of fear, I saw it was a time for action not words. My hand moved like lightning to the scabbard at my hip: in a flash, Excalorie was in my grasp and shimmering like a shaft of silver light in the evil gloom all around. "By the sword, vain beast!" I proclaimed. "Fail to heed our words and my magic sword shall slit thine gizzard from ear to ear."

"The dragon was becoming more garrulous and his jokes less discreet."

"No, I bloody won't!" piped the thin, reedy voice of the sword. "You never know what you might catch from unlikely reptiles like that."

"Oh, that's just fabulous, that is! A talking sword with a sense of humour and a pathological fear of drawing blood. A lot of use you proved to be." I resheathed Excalorie, muffling his tinny protests. I needed to think fast, or it wouldn't be just our goose that was cooked.

Without warning, I had an idea.

"Then I shall challenge thee to a duel, foul demon!"

Sparks spat from the dragon's maw and he laughed uproariously. "You guys really slay me. A duel! What do you suggest — water pistols at dawn?"

"No," I riposted. "Turnip wine."

"Loaded?"

"You probably will be." I turned to my varlet, who, in mortal terror of losing his precious wine, was now hiding several spare bladders behind his ass. "Set up the mugs on our camp table, Ashmole. First to succumb to the potent patent potion loses. If it's the dragon, he shall depart from this land for ever and a day."

"And if it's us, sire? Hic!"

"Then I shall have failed in my duty, and we'll both get a roasting."

My sundial had stopped at dusk, but one glance at the buoyant mouse-grey moon told me the time was galloping towards the witching hour. Like gruesome picnickers, the dragon and I sat slumped at the camp table, slopping out more turnip wine and gurgling it forcefully down our throats like there was no tomorrow morning. For one of us, there wouldn't be.

"... So the vicar slapped his thigh and said — hic! — 'One more, Dolores, and you'll have your own golf course.' Yuk, yuk, yuk, yuk, hic!"

The dragon was becoming more garrulous and his jokes less discreet by the minute. With a feeling of sudden determination, brought on no doubt by the fruit of the turnip, I realised that if I didn't make my move now, I would never hold the king's piece again.

"Well, newt-face," I said, rapping my mug down on the table and splashing the dragon's lumpy snout with flecks of froth. "I reckon you're just about ready to concede — hic! — defeat."

"I — hic! — what?"

"Never met a dragon yet who could hold his liquor. Weak-kneed, limp-wristed wimps every last one of them. Still, I don't blame you; I suppose you get it from your father — whoever — hic! — he was."

"Why you — hic! — I'll grill you to within a cubit of your wretched life, you miserable hic!"

"Ha, hic!" I laughed; it was working. "You couldn't grill a cheese sandwich, mate. You're hic! — burnt out."

"What! I'll show you who's burnt out!" The dragon lurched to his feet, overturning the table and sending Ashmole's remaining white sacs tumbling to the ground, where they lay pumping purple syrup like severed organs.

An ominous growl rent the night. Guessing the end

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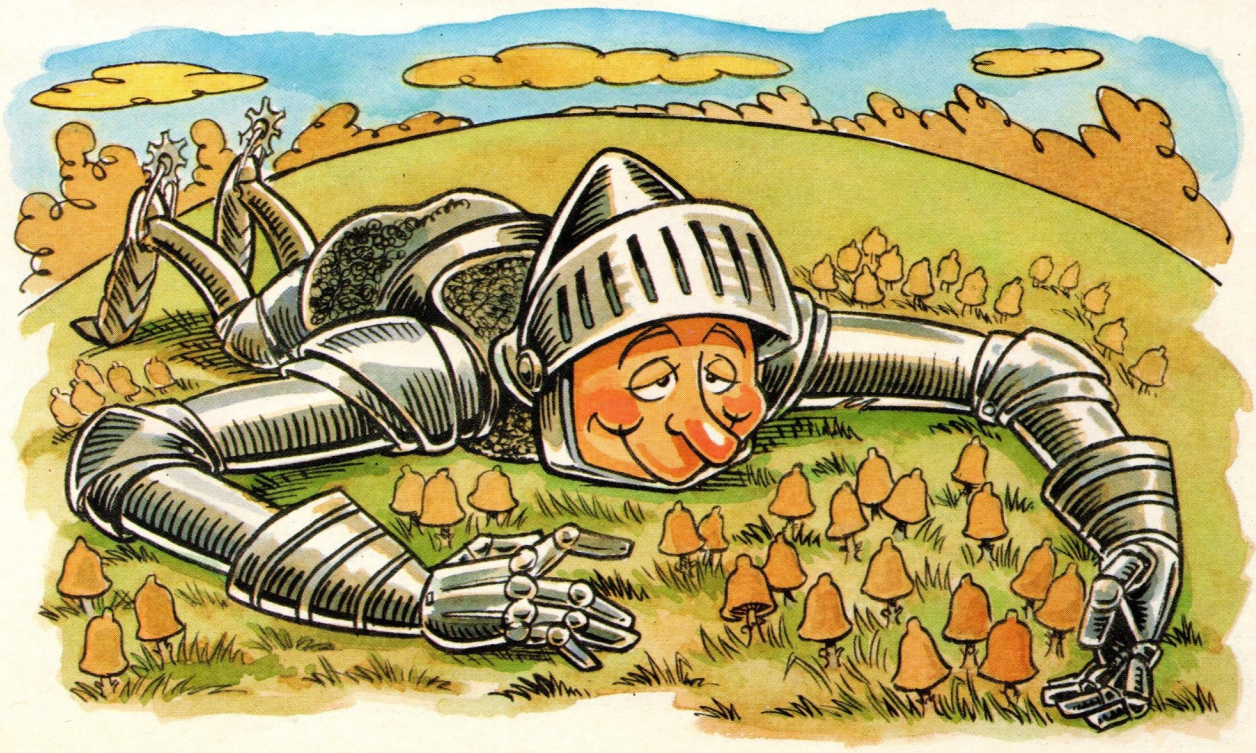

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must now be near, I dived for cover in the undergrowth. There, curling up into a tight ball, I found my erstwhile travelling companions. Paloddin whinnied a nervous greeting. Ashmole gurgled and winked fondly. I patted his ass.

"Think it'll work, sire?" he asked.

"Just watch," I said. "Hic!"

Nearby, the dragon was staggering drunkenly from bush to burning bush, bellowing vengeance while lances of bright fire spewed like lightning bolts from his mouth.

Then it happened: as yet another branch of flame began to flow from that monstrous maw, I heard an abrupt hiccough and a short, sharp, shocked intake of breath. The fire appeared to pause in the air for several seconds, Then, with a deafening rush, it retreated, searing back down the dragon's throat, and roiled for a moment in the inflamable gas of his swaggering belly before igniting and exploding with a pop in a cloud of candescent green debris.

"Swipe me!" whispered Ashmole. "Worst case of heartburn I've ever seen."

"I don't mind telling you, princess, I was scared stiff for a moment."

Rosamund idly tossed a quoit at the dart board, and snuggled deeper into my lap. "And still not completely recovered yet, I see," she giggled.

"Oh, I don't know. I think I've got everything in hand now."

"Talking of hands, George, when Daddy offered you mine after you slayed the nasty old dragon, I don't think he meant I should use it to do this."

Despite her misgivings, Rosamund showed no sign of breaking it off — not that she had the muscles for it if she'd wanted to. But, just to be sure, I trickled a few testing fingers along her biceps, across her deltoids and down her gently pulsating pectorals.

"Ooh, George! You beast."

"It was no contest. I'd just made my mind up to go for a knockout in the gluteous maximus, when once again the mighty oaken door burst open and a small, overflowing man with a crown on his head spilled in, retinue et al.

"This is where we came in, eh, George? Hope I'm not interrupting anything again?"

Rosamund sprang from my lap as if stung. "Daddy!" she exclaimed, for it was he. Again.

"Your majesty! I, er," I crossed my legs and tried hard not to sound exasperated. "I was just demonstrating the correct technique with medicine balls."

"So I see." Gustav chuckled vulgarly and infra-dug his creeping clerk in the ribs. "I see Saint George's cross, bede. Get it?"

"*Saint* George?" I gasped.

Gustav grinned and tossed me a rolled scroll. "Confirmed this afternoon. First degree canonisation with full honours. Congratulations, my boy. This could mean a raise."

"Ooh, George!" cooed Rosamund, stroking my scroll in a most suggestive manner. "They could name a day after you."

I laughed dismissively. "Oh, I don't suppose anyone would remember the date if they did. Dragon-slaying doesn't grab the public imagination like it used to. I mean, it's hardly a burning issue, is it?"

Gustav whooped and stretched up a bugle-sized hand to pummel me soundly on the back. "Burning issue, eh? Make a note of that, Bede. I'll try it on the old queen tonight. Give her something else to laugh about."

"Well, if that's all, your majesty?" I bowed and began to back off; I was still suffering from the after-effects of Ashmole's turnip wine; and this mad old monarch was

"Save for the gurglings of his digestive system, we rode in on silence."

pounding my kidneys to pieces. "Promised to pick up a loaf on my way home. Back to the grindstone, eh?"

"Ah, yes." Gustav turned suddenly serious. "There was something I meant to ask you, my boy."

"Oh, yes?"

"You are in earnest about marrying my daughter, aren't you?"

I cast a ravenous eye over the pillow-plump lines of the fair Rosamund. "Grrr — I mean, yes — if I can cope with the media attention, your majesty."

"Good. Because something's cropped up and I need your help."

"Another little task?"

"Good Lord, no. This is rather bigger than the last one. About thirty feet and three tons bigger, as a matter of fact." Gustav began to chortle, then thought better of it. "Remember the dragon you slayed last night?"

"Vaguely, your majesty, yes," I croaked. My throat seemed strangely dry.

"Well, my boy, there's been a bit of a hiccough. You see, his father's turned up. And, if you'll pardon the expression, old son, he's flaming mad!"

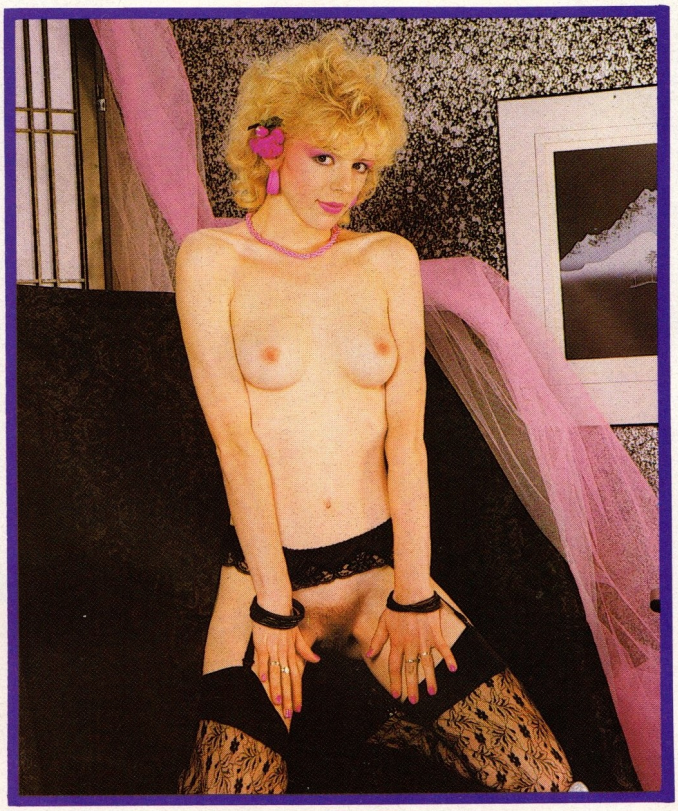
AMATEUR MODEL of the MONTH

Introducing the Knave 'Search For A Star' – the 1989 Amateur Model Competition! The lovely lady you see here is our Amateur Model for this month – selected from amongst the many snap shots of hopeful models sent to Knave! Right now we're looking for our 1989 Amateur Model Of The Year – with a £750 prize for the lucky winner! Find out more on the last page of this feature...

Amanda LEIGHTON

Photographed by James Freeman

Amateur model time again, guys. And this month, all the way from Walsall, we have Amanda Leighton. She works for an insurance company and has been approached by several kissogram companies who would like to avail themselves of her services. Fortunately, her ambitions lie in modelling, so we got first call on her — tough luck everyone else. You've probably not seen the last of Amanda, but remember where you saw her first!



AMATEUR MODELS!

WIN £750!

THE KNAVE 'SEARCH FOR A STAR' 1989!

Wanted – the 1989 Amateur Model Of The Year! No experience necessary! We're looking for a girl who has not previously appeared in Knave, Fiesta or any other men's magazine to be the cover girl of the 1989 Knave Amateur Model Special Issue! Send us three or four nude prints or polaroids, and the completed application form. The competition closes on July 1, 1989, when we will be selecting from amongst the entrants the winner of the 1989 Amateur Model Competition!

The winner will receive a tempting top prize of £750, and will be our guest at our studio in Essex for a full day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer behind the camera and our make-up and hair stylist in attendance to make the lucky winner look her best!

The night before the photo session at our studio, our lucky winner and her husband or boyfriend will enjoy dinner, bed and breakfast at a top local hotel. Also, the lucky photographer who sends in the snapshots of our Competition Winner/Amateur Model Special cover girl will win a top quality Minolta 35mm. camera!

As we've mentioned, the Competition Winner will be the cover girl of the third Knave Amateur Model Special Issue, to be published in November 1989, and will appear in the centre-pages photo set in the Special. We'll also be selecting an unlimited number of second prize winners in this year's Amateur Model Competition, who will all be invited to our studio for modelling sessions for the Amateur Model feature in regular issues of Knave! They will all receive a modelling fee of £200; and whoever sends in their photographs will receive a fee of £25.

There's more! We'll be choosing some third prize winners too! We will also be publishing in the Amateur Model Special a selection of the photographs sent in for our Amateur Model Competition – so girls not invited to our studio for a modelling session will still have a great chance of appearing in Knave – and we will pay £15 for each polaroid or print published!

Remember – the Competition closes on July 1, 1989 – so grab a camera and get snapping! A career in glamour modelling could begin right here!

To: Knave A.M.C., P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

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Address .....

.....

Daytime Tel. No. .....

Date of Birth .....

Signature .....

Photographer's Name .....

Address .....

.....

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Signature .....

Date photos taken .....

breasts brushing across his chest and took his half erect cock in my mouth and started to lick and suck off our combined love juices.

Well, that is more or less it. Danny and me had our dirty-weekend, and when we got back on the Sunday night we screwed again before an audience of one — yes, my husband Tom. — *Linda, Manchester.*

Flights Of Fancy

I know that girl in your Christmas issue, the one you called Roux. I met her in Brighton one year, in a hotel, in a lift. She had heaving breasts and my erection was throbbing by the time we got to the second floor. She unleashed my monstrous... *(Seventeen pages have been deleted here — Ed.)*... but, of course, I promised that I would, again — very soon. *Mike, Harlow.*

Frankly, we were sceptical about this letter, so we showed it to Roux. She's never been to Brighton! By the way, Mike, our medical consultant says that what you describe on pages eight and nine is physically impossible unless you're an octopus — Ed.

Bog Myrtle

I'm a casual kind of 25 year old guy who is always ready for some spare, even though I recently became wed to a girl I've known for eight years.

Recently, a workmate asked if I'd like to tag along to one of his mate's parties, you know, the typical do where the booze flows all night, as does the music, so I agreed.

There was about 20 or so at the party by this time and a few were dancing nicely already whilst those who needed dutch courage were building it up with drink. The atmosphere was good, soon more people arrived and by 11pm the dance floor, or, should I say the frontroom, was being used by plenty for dancing. The odd couple were kissing and groping slyly. I got a

"She knelt and began to lick and kiss my helmet."

The place was in the outskirts of London, I was to meet up with my mate and a few others at a certain pub. Anyway, we all met them after downing a few starters, we set off in a ready mood.

We stopped off at an off-licence for a bottle each to take, plus a can or two for the train journey. We all looked smooth, we were anxious to get there and get in at the spare. Anyway we arrived and the party was in full swing with good music blaring and the smell of booze — great.

We split up. A few met up with friends they knew whilst I only knew my mate plus two who came with us. Nevertheless I got talking with a few of the lads and soon I was introduced to a few hot chicks.

dance with Myrtle, a 20 year old dish who was a blonde, wore a short black leather skirt, a red top and black tights with shoes to match. Her figure was well trim. We seemed to be doing well and she asked me if I had brought a chick with me, to which I replied that I hadn't. Suddenly, she kissed my mouth, and I turned hot in a second. She had red glossy lipstick on which left its print on my lips, but I didn't mind in the least.

After the slow dance ceased, she asked if I'd show her to the toilet which I learned was upstairs. We went up and I let her go first so I could watch her arse wriggle and see a little thigh, perhaps. Myrtle took her time. The door was shut and there was somebody using it so we waited. Again we kissed and I began to caress her bum. She didn't mind and my prick soon grew hard. I pressed it against her belly which must have turned her on. The toilet became vacant and she went inside and pulled me in as well then locked the door. Once in she asked me not to look so I turned round whilst she had a wee then I twisted to face her and she had taken off her skirt and tights plus panties. I didn't believe it at first, but it was as real as I'm writing this letter to you.

She licked her glossy lips and we kissed again and I touched

"Come on! There's a fiver in it for you."

PENPOWER

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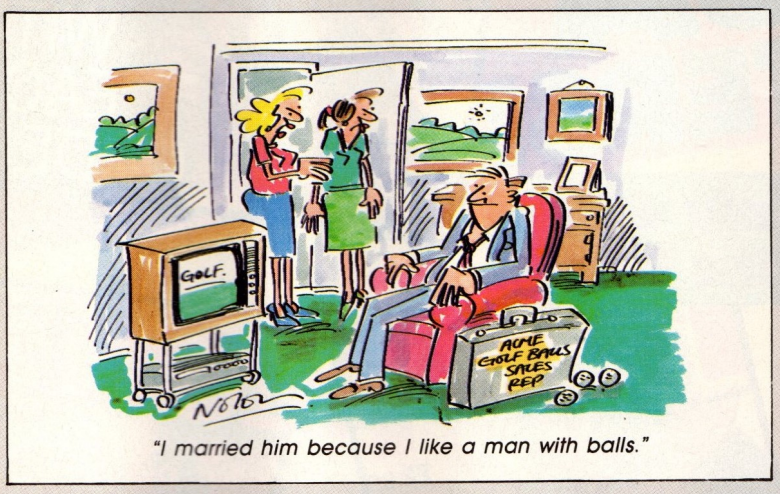

"I married him because I like a man with balls."

between her damp legs and she gasped as I flicked a finger up her fanny. She began to undo my zip and soon she had my rampant cock out and was rubbing me off gently. I put my arms round her neck and gently moved her head down. She knelt and began to lick and kiss my helmet. It felt shattering and soon Myrtle was sucking me so expertly that I almost shot off into her mouth. I had to stop her. I wanted to fuck her so I stepped out of my trousers and pants then leaned her over the bath and was soon up her soaking and tight fanny. I lifted her top off, unhooked her scanty bra and fondled her jugs, whilst I bonked wildly.

She was moaning and it made it better when she came. It made me pump harder and suddenly my cock plopped out. In a wild frenzy, I quickly shoved it back up then began to spurt a great deal of sperm deep into her.

Once we regained our breath, we washed and dressed. My mate was outside. He smiled — he'd obviously heard what we were doing though neither of us cared as drink was in our blood.

We rejoined the party for more drinks etc. then, around 2 am, some people left but most were openly bonking, it was wild.

We went upstairs, found a bedroom and actually went to bed and decided to sleep there. Once we were inside, I went down to her cunt which I'd used already and I licked her for ages. She tasted so divine, and she soon nodded off when I brought her off. *(What a compliment! — Ed.)*

Anyway, next morning, Myrtle and I set off into the cool brisky day. I took her home to her place and I got her phone number and we kissed goodbye. That party was simply the best that I've been to, even though at first I hardly knew anybody. My mate did promise that it would be a good rave up. He was certainly correct. I never did ask him if he pulled, but I have since dated Myrtle and we have had sex in the rear of a cinema. She sucked me off and actually swallowed down my spunk but that's a totally different story altogether. — *K.M., London.*

And So This Is Christmas

I wanted Freya for Christmas *(She's a scrummy who appeared in the Xmas issue — Ed.)* but all I got was socks and a Rambo poster. — *L.R.H., East Grinstead.*

Well Heeled

For over a year now I have been a lodger in someone else's house. The landlady usually only takes in students, but she agreed to take me in even though I was more mature and worked full time. I think she liked the fact that I would be there all the time and not just during term time.

Although the landlady, who's name is Sarah, is a very attractive blonde woman of 35, I have never made a pass at her even though we have become firm friends. I suppose that we are both a bit shy and I always felt that being a lodger was incompatible with being someone's lover.

Problems arose however, because of my fetish. You see, I cannot resist women's high heel shoes. I just love to see a woman in high heels or indeed almost any kind of shoe with straps, laces, buckles or whatever. When I know Sarah is out of the house there is nothing I like better than to borrow a pair of her shoes and wank myself off with them. The smell of the leather alone gives me a huge erection and running the smooth leather along my prick or putting my prick inside the shoes is immensely pleasurable. It doesn't take me long to come and I try to shoot my hot spunk over the glossy outside of the shoes. I am always careful afterwards to clean the shoes and replace them where I found them.

One day recently I staggered out of bed with a morning erection. I slipped into my dressing gown and headed for the bathroom. As I passed along the landing I noticed a pair of Sarah's high heels where she had left them outside her bedroom door. I just couldn't resist picking one of them up and rubbing it along my stiff cock. As you might have guessed, Sarah came out of her room at that moment and caught me with my prick in one of her shoes. She didn't say anything. I was so embarrassed that I dropped the shoe and went straight into the bath-

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room. I dressed and got out of the house as quickly as I could.

That night I stayed at work as late as I could. Eventually I steeled myself to go home and face whatever was coming. To my relief Sarah said nothing and acted as if everything was perfectly normal. I guessed that she had been as embarrassed by the incident as I was and just wanted to forget it.

Later, Sarah went off for a bath and afterwards came back down to the lounge wearing just her dressing gown, as she often does. As well as the dressing gown she was also wearing a pair of shoes. They were black and shiny and had extremely high heels. She sat down, crossed her legs and began to paint her fingernails. Naturally, I could not take my eyes off her legs or the shoes. I didn't know what to think and she said nothing until she had finished her nails. Only then did she look up at me and speak.

"I haven't forgotten what I caught you doing this morning. Unless you want me to throw you out just do as I tell you. Understand?"

I nodded.

"Take off your clothes."

Red with embarrassment I stood up and began to stumble out of my clothes. As I did so, Sarah unfastened her dressing gown and opened it, making sure I had a good view of her small firm breasts and golden pubes. By the time I was naked I had a mammoth erection.

"Kneel in front of me. Now, lick me off."

I buried my head in her thighs as she spread her legs and was soon licking her cunt and clit greedily, pushing my tongue inside her wet slit. It was only moments before she came. I sat back, admiring her wonderful body as she recovered her breath.

After a minute she looked at me with a gleam in her eye.

"Now I'll give you what you deserve."

I flinched as she swung her feet, still sheathed in their high heels, towards my throbbing prick. She delicately put her right foot against my thigh. I could feel a slight pressure from the heel where it pushed into my flesh and the cool of the leather as it nestled against my prick. Kicking off her other shoe she placed the sole of her left foot against my cock and began to rub it between her naked foot and the foot still inside the shoe. Feeling that magnificent pressure and looking at her gorgeous body was too much to bear and I came in seconds, pumping spunk all over her shoe, her feet and spurting wild droplets into the air.

> "She placed the sole of her left foot against my cock and began to rub it."

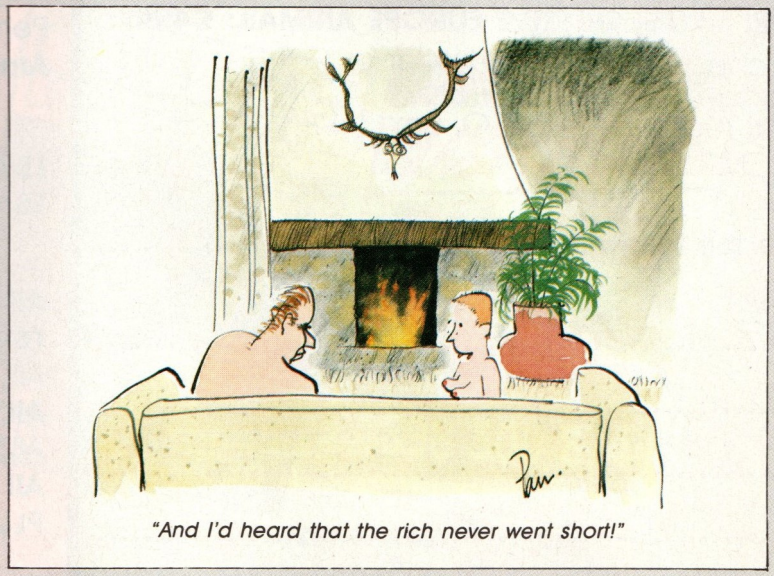
"Now clean up the mess you've made. When you've done that, clean the spunk off these shoes and bring them back to me. You'd better be as good at fucking me properly as you are at fucking my shoes."

She handed me a box of tissues and I began to clean the spunk from her foot, myself and the carpet. When I had finished I took both her shoes and carefully cleaned off the last droplets of my come. I slipped the shoes back on her feet.

Sarah stood up, letting the dressing gown fall to the floor. She walked slowly across the room wearing nothing but the shoes. At the table she bent slowly forward over the surface until her breasts were pressed against the top and slowly moved her legs apart. By now I needed no further encouragement and my prick was once more fully erect. I ran my hands over her creamy thighs and between her legs. I rubbed my prick between the cheeks of her arse, then slid it quickly into her waiting cunt. I began to move slowly in and out, feeling that lovely sheen of pussy juice as it covered my prick. I wanted it to be slow and lingering, but the way she pushed down on me, and the pressure in my balls made it more urgent. Soon we were both thrusting like rabbits and Sarah was crying out with expectation. When I came it felt as if my prick was exploding inside her. I have never enjoyed a fuck more in my life.

Needless to say Sarah and I have become much closer since this incident and I don't think a man could find a nicer landlady. We are going shopping at the weekend and I am planning to buy her a nice new pair of shiny high-heeled shoes.

D.S., Coventry.



"And I'd heard that the rich never went short!"

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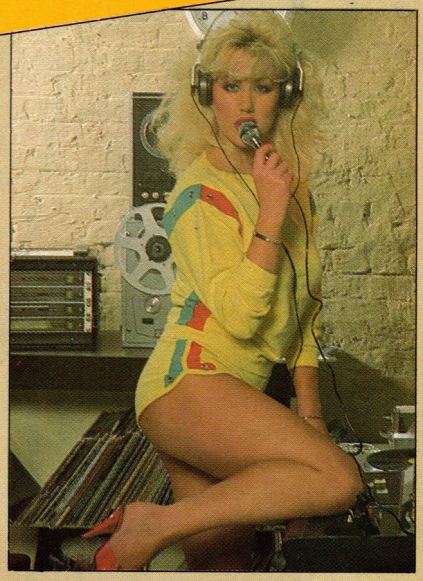

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